THE

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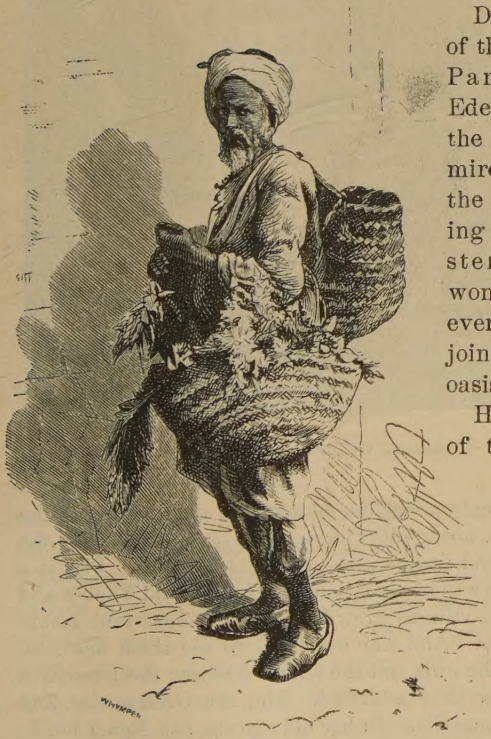
SEPTEMBER, 1894.

TENT LIFE IN PALESTINE.

BY THE EDITOR.

DAMASCUS.



FLOWER-SELLER, DAMASCUS.

DAMASCUS—"The Pearl of the East," "The Garden of Paradise," "Glorious as Eden!"—such are some of the titles given by its admirers to this oldest city in the world. And after crossing the arid desert or the sterile mountains, small wonder that pilgrims of every land and age have joined in the praises of this oasis of beauty.

How wonderful the story of this ancient city! The first Biblical record of Damascus is in Genesis, xiv. 15, nearly two thousand years before the Christian era, when the confederate kings made war upon Sodom and Gomorrah, and "Abraham pursued them unto Hobah, which is on the left hand of Damascus." A few verses later we read of the steward of Abraham's house, "Eleazer of Damascus." A village in the neighbourhood still bears the name, "the Habitation of Abraham."

He who knows the history of Damascus knows very largely the history of the world. It has been well said:

"Leave the matters written of it in the first eleven chapters of the Old Testament out, and no recorded event has occurred in the world but Damascus was in existence to receive the news of it. Go back as far as you will into the vague past, there was always a Damascus. In the writings of every century, for more than four thousand years, its name has been mentioned and its praises sung.

DAMASCUS—"STREET CALLED STRAIGHT."

"To Damascus years are only moments, decades are only flitting trifles of time. She measures time, not by days or months or years, but by the empires she has seen rise and prosper, and crumble to ruins. She is a type of immortality. She saw the foundations of Baalbec and Thebes and Ephesus laid. She saw these villages grow into mighty cities and amaze the world with their grandeur. And she has lived to see them desolate, deserted, and given over to the owls and the bats. She saw the Israelitish empire exalted, and she saw it annihilated. She saw Greece rise and flourish two thousand years, and die. In her old age she saw Rome built; she saw it overshadow the world with its power; she saw it perish. The few hundred years of Genoese and Venetian might and splendour were, to grave old Damascus, only a trifling scintillation hardly worth remembering. Damascus has seen all that ever occurred on earth, and yet she lives. Though another claims the name, old Damascus is by right the Eternal City."

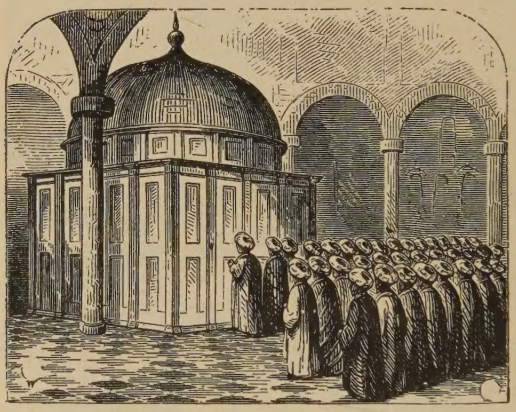
Apart from its great age and Biblical memories, it is still a city of fascinating interest. More purely Oriental than Cairo or Constantinople, it is like a chapter out of the "Arabian Nights." After our arduous ride over the shoulder of Hermon, when the mountain so literally turned its cold shoulder on us, it was a thrilling moment when, from a rise in the road, we first saw in the distance the white minarets of Damascus, gleaming through its gardens of embowering trees. We indulged in a glorious gallop on the first good road we had met in Syria, bordered by familiar telegraph poles and wires which seemed like electric nerves reaching to our far-off homes beyond the sea. Soon we skirted rows of mud-walled houses and mud-brick fences protecting the orchards of apricots, citrons, and pomegranates. Then we rode beside the rushing, sparkling clear waters of the Barada, the ancient Abana,* confined between straight stone walls, then on through shaded streets till we at length dismounted before the iron-studded gateway of the Hotel Demetri. Mrs. Carman has described with such graphic pen the fascinations of the bazaars and other features of Damascene life, that little remains but to describe our visit to the famous mosque and some other places of historic interest.

DAMASCUS—ROOF VIEW.

We made quite an imposing cavalcade as we started out, escorted by Abdallah in his most sumptuous array, by a local

* As we beheld the bright, flashing streams which flow in many branches through the city, so different from the turbid stream of the Jordan, we could not wonder at the haughty question of Naaman the Syrian, "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?"

guide, by an official kowass, or functionary representing the government, and by a servant to carry our belongings. The dignity of a visitor seems to be measured by the size of his retinue, and Abdallah was determined that we should not suffer in this respect. The narrow, crowded streets were a perfect kaleidoscope of colour and motion as we threaded our way through their winding mazes. In part they are covered by a tunnel-shaped roof, through openings in which streams the strong, Rembrandt-like light athwart the deep shadows, glinting on sheeny silks, embroidered jackets, burnished arms, polished brass, flashing jewellery, rich saddle-housings, and a bewildering array of Oriental wares.



MOSLEM WORSHIPPERS AT SHRINE OF ST. JOHN, DAMASCUS.

The visit to the mosque is an expensive one, the official fee being twenty francs, to which must be added fees for the sheik of the mosque, for the kowass, for the use of slippers, etc. This great mosque is, next to those at Jerusalem, Medina and Mecca, the most sacred in the world, a prayer said in any of these being equal in merit to many score said elsewhere.

On the site of this mosque, says Dr. Thompson, no doubt, was the "house of Rimmon" erected, probably, by one of those Benhadads who reigned in this city from the time of David, and which is referred to by Naaman in his interview with Elisha. Here, several hundred years later, a Greek or Roman temple stood upon this spot, with its altars and courts, its colonnades and triumphal arches. In the fourth century it was restored, probably by the Emperor Arcadius, and converted into a Christian church, dedicated to St. John. It is about 450 feet long and 125 feet wide, divided by two rows of Corinthian columns, twenty in each row, extending the whole length of the structure, with lofty clerestory above.

When Damascus was conquered by the Moslems the church was reconstructed and adorned with rarest marble and richest mosaic,

and inlaid with mother-of-pearl and precious stones. For twelve centuries no Christian foot was allowed to cross the sacred threshold, and now one must put off the shoes from his feet, for it is holy ground. An enormous chandelier of one thousand lights hangs from the lofty ceiling, which, when lighted during the feast of Ramedan, produces a very brilliant effect.

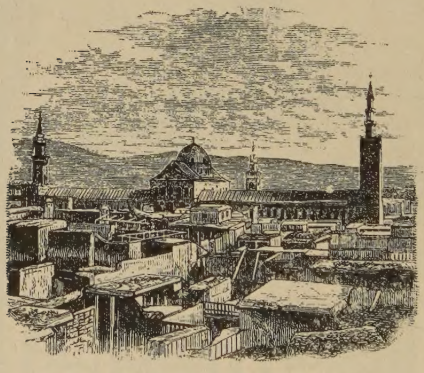
This great structure is still known as the Mosque of the Lord John. The head of the Saint is said to be here, his heart at Aleppo and one of his fingers at Beyrout. His traditional tomb is enclosed in a marble dome-shaped shrine, with iron grating, shown in our engraving, page 214, and is covered with Oriental rugs with elaborate design in small patterns and low-toned colours. On the huge bronze doors, much battered and dilapidated, and so heavy as to require five men to open or close them, may still be seen the Christian symbol of the sacramental chalice. The dome at the intersection of the aisles and transept is named "Kubbet en-Nisr," Dome of the Vulture, from the fancy that the transept wings resembled those of that bird of prey.

VIEW FROM MINARET OF GREAT MOSQUE.

A large court adjoining is paved with costly marble and surrounded by colonnaded corridors. In the centre is a magnificent marble-domed fountain for the ablutions of the faithful. The effect of the bright sky overhead, the gleaming marbles, which, "Cleopatra-like, give the sun their bluest veins to kiss," the high lights and deep shadows, the stately, silk-gowned, turbaned figures of the mollahs and worshippers, their devout

bowings, bendings and genuflections, and above all the lovely minarets rising high in air, whence at the canonical hour rings out the call to prayer, make a picture never to be forgotten.

Before we left the mosque we were conducted up the winding stairway of one hundred and sixty steps, to the Minaret of the Bride, "Madinet el-Arus." One is weary and giddy before he reaches the lofty gallery shown in our cut, but the magnificent view more than compensates for the climb. Beneath us lay the courts and red roofs of the mosque, with its snowy dome and graceful minarets,—the one shown in part in our cut is a masterpiece of Arabian skill, with three graceful galleries. Beyond extended the long arcades of the bazaars and flat roofs of the city, then the rich, green girdle of orchards and gardens, and beyond these the spreading plain, with the flashing waters of "Abana and Pharpar," fed by the exhaustless springs of the mountains, and in the background the white summit of Hermon, which in the recent storm had received a new coating of snow, which shone with a dazzling radiance in the bright sunlight.



THE GREAT MOSQUE, DAMASCUS.

Another minaret, not shown in our cut, is the "Madinet Isa," or, Minaret of Jesus, from the tradition that He will take His place on its summit at the beginning of the last judgment. It is the tallest in Syria, two hundred and fifty feet high.

Near the mosque, in a secluded garden, with trees of vivid green, is the tomb of the famous Saladin. Beneath a marble dome, inlaid with tiles, is his jealously guarded grave. This is all that remains of the great conqueror, the destroyer of the Christian empire of Palestine—as chivalrous a foe as the knightly Cœur-de-Lion himself. History relates that in his dying hour, in 1193, he caused to be displayed in the street his winding sheet, with the declaration "This is all that is left of Saladin."

From the dusky shadows of the goldsmiths' bazaar we climbed a steep stairway, traversed several flat roofs, crossed on a ladder a street so narrow that some of the gentlemen leaped over it, and reached the ancient lintel of the early Christian portal. There,

inscribed in large-sized Greek letters, stretching across the whole pediment, was the prophetic inscription,

Η ΒΑΣΙΛΕΙΑ ΣΟΥ, ΧΕ, ΒΑΣΙΛΕΙΑ ΠΑΝΤΩΝ ΤΩΝ ΑΙΩΝΩΝ, ΚΑΙ Η ΔΕΣΠΟΤΙΑ ΣΟΥ ΕΝ ΠΑΣΑ ΓΕΝΕΑ ΚΑΙ ΓΕΝΕΑ

"Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations."

"How wonderful," remarks the Rev. Geo. Bond, "that such an inscription should have been allowed to remain on this great Mohammedan mosque for twelve hundred years! What pledge and prophecy it has maintained, through all the centuries of desecration of His sanctuary, and despoliation of His people, and yet there shall be an end. He reigns, and He must reign. Despite frenzy and fanaticism, despite death and dispersion, despite the power of opposing dynasties, and the might of superstition entrenched and established by the prestige and vantage of untold years, the Kingdom of Christ must come and must endure! *

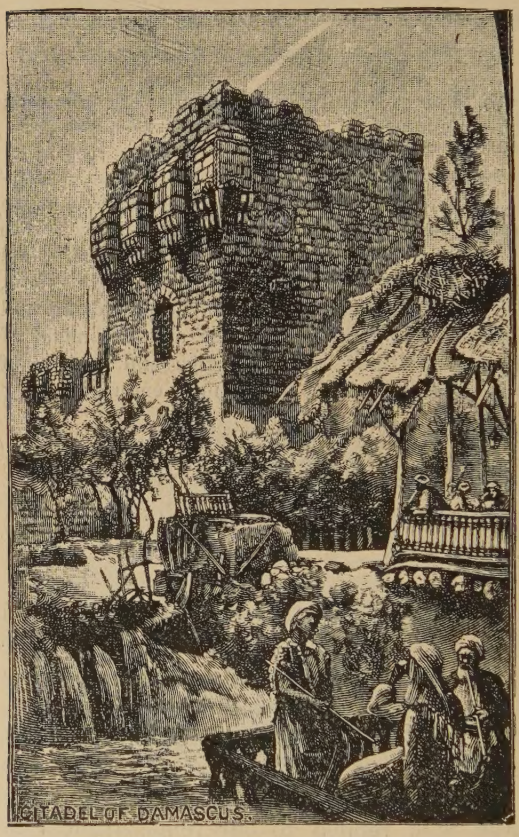
"Right forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne,
But that scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God, within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own."

One night the gentlemen of our party thought they would indulge in the luxury of a Turkish bath after the manner of the Orientals. Abdallah took us to a high-toned establishment with lofty dome, marble floor and walls and a succession of chambers, each hotter than the last. After being invested in a loose sheet we tottered over the hot floor on high pattens, and were first half-baked, and then half-boiled, and kneaded like dough, by a dusky-bronze attendant, who replied to our remonstrances in voluble Arabic, and by more emphatic rubbing and kneading. After a most energetic steaming and scrubbing, which induced a very langourous feeling, we were allowed to rest and cool off on divans, to the accompaniment of a monotonous thrumming of

* The accidental burning of the great mosque of Damascus, in October, 1893, is a notable event in history. The Turkish authorities, in their usual style, forbade any reference in the papers to the destructive fire, and a telegram, sending the news to England, was suppressed at Beyrout. The Turks miscalculated the feeling with which the news of their disaster would be heard in England, and they have no conception of the regret with which intelligent Christian people have heard of the destruction of their great historical landmark.

The Damascus mosque is one of those structures around which historic memories crowd, and which carry the thoughts back to even pre-historic times. Nor is it improbable that the local tradition may be true, which tells of an

native stringed instruments and delicious coffee and orange sherbet, cooled with snow from Mount Hermon. Of this process the Damascenes are very fond, and it no doubt conduces greatly to their health.



THE CITADEL, CAFE IN THE FOREGROUND.

In the heart of the city rises the huge, grim structure, nearly nine hundred feet long and seven hundred wide, known as the citadel, a group of twelve machicolated towers with connecting walls surrounded by a deep moat twenty feet wide. It is at least eight hundred years old. Once a stronghold of the Janisaries, it had splendid council chambers and fine apartments, but now contains little more than a collection of old weapons including many arrows, and a garrison of sombre, grotesque-looking soldiers.

The Turkish troops are not very soldierly looking. We saw one day some hundreds, not of cavalry, but of *mulery,* for they

idolatrous temple occupying the site before "the good King Abraham" came to reside in Damascus.

The restoration of this historic building revives recollections of past glories and thoughts of future hopes. With these inspiring thoughts every effort is being made to rebuild and restore the great edifice, and *The London Times* says the way in which the work is being carried on by the people of Damascus reminds one of the building of great cathedrals in the Middle Ages. The ladies of the Governor's harem have been allowed to engage in the sacred work of clearing away the débris, and even the heretical Shias have been permitted to lend a hand in the great work.

ROOF VIEW, DAMASCUS.

rode sturdy, shaggy, ill-groomed mules. The accoutrements and uniforms were coarse and shabby, with old, ill-kept guns, dirty boots, and big saddles. The countenances of most of the men seemed stolid and heavy — a marked contrast to the "spick and span" appearance of the English trooper. They made a great clatter as they rode through the horse-market, almost the only open square in the city. Here, on market-day, is a very busy scene. The Eastern jockeys, if that is the word, gallop their Arab steeds, wearing gay caparisons, cruel-looking bits and dangling fringes, at full speed through the square. Their horsemanship is superb. In contrast with this is the stealthy movement of the soft-footed camels. Before

you know it their ugly heads are over your shoulder, and their angry snarl gives evidence of their chronic ill-humour.

One day, in the bazaar, I heard a great shouting, and saw a confused rush of men. First came four stalwart fellows with what looked like a garden pump on their shoulders, and a man with a coil of small hose on his arm, then fifty soldiers with guns, others with halberts, poles, axes, and staves—and this was all the apparatus for extinguishing a fire in the oldest city in the world.

We rode out through the Meidan, a long street somewhat wide, very ill-paved, and bordered on either side with rude bazaars and with numerous dilapidated mosques. Here arrive and depart the caravans from the desert, and here may be seen the most characteristic Bedouin types, with matted hair, long, white, hungry-looking teeth, restless eyes, and wild, tameless look, armed with a long gun or tufted spear,—semi-savage sons of the desert, to whom the restraints of the city are irksome. A scene of unwonted excitement and fanaticism takes place on the annual departure of the great caravans for Mecca, valued often at £40,000. From the extremity of the Meidan, the Bawwabet Allah, or, "Gate of God," sets out this sacred pilgrimage, which sometimes consists of many thousands of camels, dervishes, merchants, and pilgrims; escorted by armed soldiers, richly caparisoned sheiks, with snowy turban, or if they have made the pilgrimage before, one of green; Druses and Bedouins and half-naked, fanatical dervishes. The thrumming of tambourines, clash of cymbals, roll of drums, the chanting of the mollahs, neighing of horses and braying of donkeys, and the yelling of pilgrims, make a most extraordinary scene. This procession we did not see, but the Rev. Mr. Bond thus describes a similar one witnessed near Damascus:

> Before us, knots of people were gathering, waiting, like ourselves, for the first sound of the advancing procession. At length we heard them, the beating of drums, the wild chorus of song, the hum and tramp of the crowd, and a few moments more they came in sight. What a sight it was. Great green silken banners headed the procession, then came ranks of dervishes half naked, panting with frenzy, pressing drawn swords against their bare breasts, tossing up nails in the air and catching them in their mouths; then a lot of wild musicians with drums and cymbals, and all about and around, a vast crowd of all ages, dressed in holiday attire in the many hues and fashions of Eastern garb—an everchanging kaleidoscopic picture impossible of adequate description.
>
> On they came, and close beneath the house they marched, the drums beating, the dervishes panting and posturing, the people shouting in great excitement. A thousand eyes were fixed upon us, a thousand faces were upturned to where we stood at our instruments. The wild multitude made a halt of a moment or two right in front of us, and then passed on a few

yards more into the open, so that their backs were towards us. Here the Doseh, the culmination of the interest of the day, took place. Numbers of devotees threw themselves flat upon their faces, and over them the religious skeik began to walk. Then in a few minutes more the procession wound around a corner and dispersed, and the strange scene was over. But memory, aided by the pictures my friend was fortunate enough to secure (my own were unsuccessful, through a defect in my camera), retains most

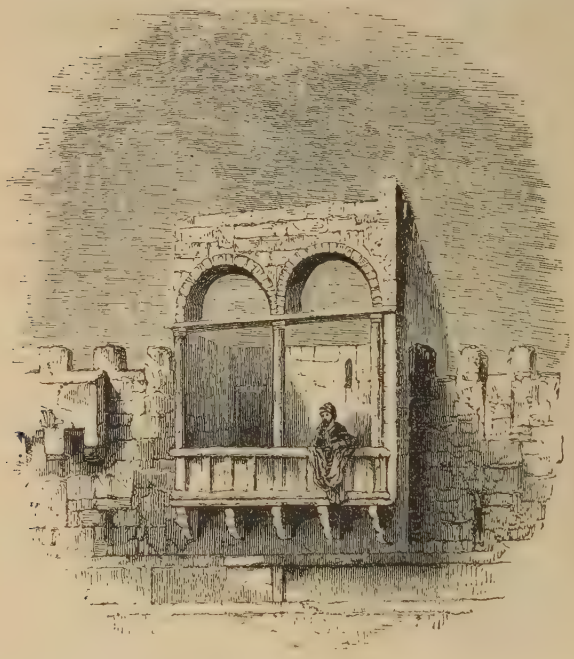
MAKING A PLOUGH IN WOODWORKERS' BAZAAR.

vividly that extraordinary experience, and makes it easy to live over again its unique excitement and interest. Never can I forget that sunny morning, with Hermon strangely near in the brilliant atmosphere, with the storied plains of Damascus for a landscape, and with that wonderful panorama of wild, frenzied processionists, and its attendant crowds of onlookers and participants, so varied of feature and garb, so essentially Oriental of character and creed.

We rode along the outside of the walls through the bazaars. Craftsmen of every sort were hard at work—the blacksmith, brazier, and coppersmith, ringing on their noisy anvils; boys polishing chains by shaking them in a bag; the dyer red-handed

at his work, the turner at his lathe, the cabinet-maker and wood-worker seated on the ground and holding their work with their toes, as shown in our cut; the corn merchant in his dusty bazaar, the date and fig seller in his stall, the vendor of sherbets, or of water, clashing his brass cups as he passes, and crying, "Ho, everyone that thirsteth," and a thousand varied types of Oriental life.

They have in Syria a kind of sheep with abnormally fat tails, sometimes reaching a weight of twenty-four pounds. This fat is used instead of butter, and the story does not seem so incredulous as we deemed it at first, that the Syrian shepherds use little two-wheeled carts to support the tails of these sheep.



CHAMBER ON THE WALL.

The Judge noticed the absence of hitching-posts on the street, and the number of men or boys holding the horses or donkeys. His comment was that a man was cheaper than a hitching-post. Their mode of getting a livelihood is so simple.

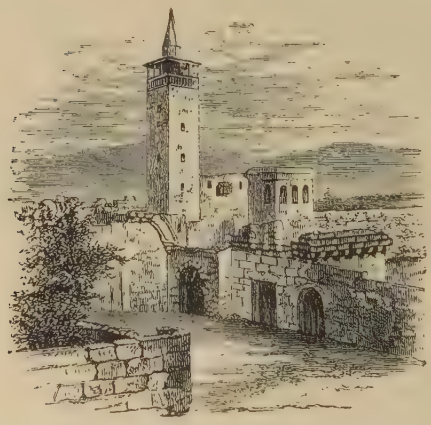
In the Christian quarter the overhanging upper stories of the houses approach so close that they almost touch overhead. In this quarter are still many traces of the massacre, thirty-four years ago.

We visited a great Moslem burying ground, a dreary sandy waste, studded with innumerable turban-crowned stones, without a blade of the blessed restful grass that clothes with its mantle of peace our Christian cemeteries. We were shown the tombs of two wives of Mahomet and of his daughter Fatima. Over their graves is a modern dome made of clay and painted with crude

THE WALLS OF DAMASCUS.

colours. The ancient wall of the city seemed in many places crumbling to ruin, and would offer no resistance to modern artillery. It is strengthened with round or square towers, and in its structure may be observed, at the bottom, an ancient Jewish or Roman work of large square masonry, then the construction of the Saracenic period of smaller stones, and at the top the crude brickwork of Turkish times. One of the towers bears an inscription with the name Nureddin, and the date 1171 A.D.

We were shown the traditional spot where Paul was let down from the wall in a basket. Near this is the tomb of St. George, much revered by Christians. He is said to have assisted St. Paul's escape from Damascus. Great heaps of rubbish are found outside the wall. A low, half-buried, vault-like structure has a sinister significance as being the spot where, "in one red burial blent," the mangled remains of the six thousand Christians of the massacre of 1860 were interred. Near by, in a quiet Protestant cemetery, over-shadowed by melancholy cypresses, sleep the remains of Buckle, the English historian, who died at Damascus.



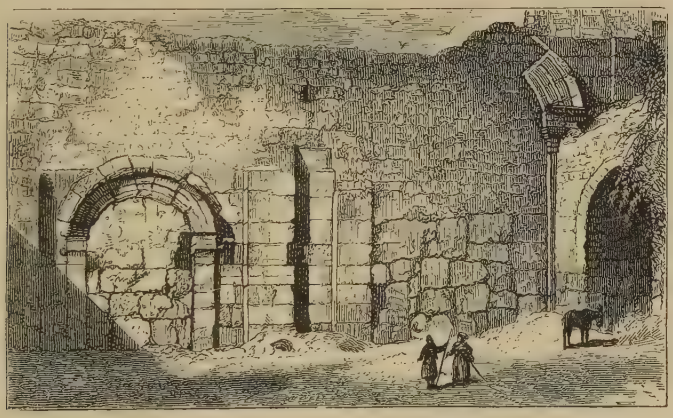
EAST GATE OF DAMASCUS.

At the East gate of the city, shown in our small engraving, and more in detail in the larger one, are the remains of an old Roman arch, some twenty feet wide and nearly twice as high, with smaller gates on either side. These have been built up for eight hundred years, and over them rises a square Moslem minaret. Here began the famous "street called Straight," mentioned in the Acts (Acts. ix. 11), now lined with paltry bazaars, but in ancient times flanked with columns, the remains of which are seen in many of the native houses. In the heart of the city may be seen the picturesque pediment and lintel of an old Greek or Roman triumphal arch, eighty feet wide and seventy feet high.

A few minutes distant from this gate is the so-called house of Naaman, of squalid mud walls, which appropriately enough is now occupied as a lazaretto for lepers, whose decrepit misery appeals to the sympathy of every beholder. In this quarter,

too, is the traditional house of Ananias, where that just man baptized St. Paul. It is now converted into a small church with a vault-like crypt, into which we descended, and on its altar is a picture of the baptismal scene. Near it is the house of Judas mentioned in Acts ix. 11—another underground crypt, twenty-nine steps below the surface, fitted up as a chapel, though why it is thus identified it is hard to conceive.

A feature of peculiar interest in Damascus, is its numerous cafés, generally near, or overhanging, the waters of Barada. They are very primitive, booth-like structures, their chief furniture being low, rush-like stools or cushioned divans, where the natives indolently sip their black coffee or sherbet, and smoke their long "hubble-bubble" water-pipes. They beguile the time by listening to the drone of professional



ANCIENT EAST GATE OF DAMASCUS.

story-tellers or the monotonous thrumming or throbbing of the guitar or cymbals of the native musicians, or to the more musical plash of the fountains, or the stream's low voice. The many-coloured lamps and gay dresses of the men contrast with the tinsel finery of their surroundings. But to its credit be it said that not a single grog-shop disgraces Damascus, such as by the thousand curse London, Paris and New York.

As a surprise for our party, Abdallah had arranged a sort of picnic-lunch in a charming garden beside the swift-rushing Barada, where the afternoon light shimmered through the bright green foliage and multitudes of flowers breathed forth their fragrance on the air. Here several of our muleteers and servants had prepared luncheon for us, including salted nuts, salads, anise-seed cordial, sweetmeats, and other refreshments more grateful to an Oriental than to an Occidental taste.

Bargaining in the bazaars was a perpetual vexation. I could not endure to haggle and chaffer after the Eastern wont. I asked the price of a child's embroidered jacket. "Ten francs," said the vendor. "I will give you five," I offered. "Take it," he said, and then I was disgusted to find I had paid twice its value.

A seller of ancient armour, or, perhaps, of Brummagem imitations, demanded such a preposterous price for his old swords

A LATTICED CHAMBER.

and weapons, that I asked if the bright and beautiful boy he was caressing was thrown into the bargain. "There is not money enough in all Damascus," was his reply, "to buy this boy," which touch of nature made me think a good deal better of the conscienceless extortionist. They have uniformly a "first-a price" and a "last-a price," but one has to go through a lot of chaffer to arrive at the latter. Often a score of bystanders will take part in the discussion and seem to work themselves into a violent passion over a trifling few piastres. In the midst of a

wrangling bargain with a customer, the Moslem merchant will suddenly betake himself to his prayers in the most solemn manner, and immediately after engage again in his wordy war, in which the name of God is constantly invoked to confirm the lying statements of the seller. Over and over you may see illustrated the words of Solomon, "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer: but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth."

It was somewhat embarrassing to try on in the public bazaar the embroidered dressing gowns, that Madame admired so much, under the gaze of a score or more of curious natives, who were proffering advice; or to take notes while three or four were peering upon the page as one wrote. Madame was a special object of interest, and after gazing intently until satisfied from one point of view, her many admirers would resume their gaze from another.

I was greatly interested in the pretty children in the bazaars, with bright, bead-like eyes, as alert as sparrows, as, in pretty lisping English, they begged the howadgi to purchase their inlaid wares and *souvenirs*.

At our hotel we met the Rev. Dr. Paton, of Chicago, with a group of half a dozen American students, mostly young theologues, all of them taking post-graduate courses at the University of Berlin. They were concluding a six weeks' archæological journey through Syria, and were enthusiasts in their quest for "tells," or ancient mounds. We much enjoyed their company also at Beyrout, and during a week's journey to Constantinople, where, after doing the city together, we parted. I can conceive of no better preparation for his life work, for a young preacher, than such a tour through the lands of the Bible.

The Damascus roses were fully equal to their reputation. We fairly revelled in them. The brass ewer and basin in our room, and every available vessel, were overflowing with them, and Madame's love of flowers, for once, must have been fully satisfied. It was curious to see in this old city boxes labelled, "Oswego Biscuits," and "Pratt's Astral Coal-oil, Baltimore." I noticed, too, a big Arabic cyclopedia and a number of pictures of Paris and Versailles. Near the Protestant mission, on a fountain "erected in loving memory of Elizabeth Thompson," were the appropriate words, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." (Isa. lv. 1).

On our last evening in Damascus, after a busy day in the bazaars, some of us mounted our horses and rode out to Salahiyeh, a picturesque and crowded suburb of the city, with about seven thousand inhabitants, abounding in gardens and rural

villas. The barren hill, Kasium, behind the village, is held sacred by the Moslems as being the place where Abraham learned the doctrine of the unity of God. Here, to go further back, Moslem tradition avers that Adam once lived, and a

MERCHANT IN BAZAAR, DAMASCUS.

reddish rock is said to have been thus stained by the blood of Abel. At this famous point of view Mahomet is said to have gazed upon the scene of beauty, but to have refused to enter Damascus, because, he said, "man can have but one paradise, and I seek mine in heaven." Having climbed this somewhat steep

ascent, we took our last look of this fairest city of the East. The scene, as shown in our frontispiece, was one of incomparable splendour and beauty. Like "a pearl in a setting of emerald" lay the city, with its many domes and minarets, gleaming in the light of the setting sun. The engirdling miles of gardens and orchards took a deeper bronze-like hue. The shadows of the hill on which we stood crept across the intervening plain, and gradually swept like a pall over the city. The light still lingered lovingly on the dome and minarets of the great mosque and then, these, too, lay veiled in shadow. Of such a farewell view writes the Rev. G. Bond:

TOBACCO-SELLER CUTTING TOBACCO.

> Far away to the right were the peaks of Hermon, and then coming nearer the point between two hillocks where Paul's conversion is said to have taken place. Nearer still to the city swept the green meadow-like expanse of the Merj, with the wandering waters of the Abana —like silver threads among the green. Then the long suburb of the Meidan, with its gardens, an outstretching arm of the long wide sea of green on which the city lay. There was scarcely a sound, for the hum of the city was too distant to be heard, and all the landscape lay below us bathed in the solemn stillness of the evening, and glowing in the level beams of the setting sun. The old city, the oldest of cities, after all her strange vicissitudes and changes of fortune and of faith, still the head of Syria, as in Isaiah's day, and still the merchant of a vast merchandise and wealth, the Eye of the East still clear and undimmed, though she has shed so many tears. The great mosque towered above the white houses, its graceful minarets pointing their slender shafts up to the blue sky—the Minaret of the Bride, the Minaret of Jesus.
>
> They say that when Jesus comes to judge the world He will descend first on that lofty minaret, and then entering the mosque summon all the world before Him. But He comes in mercy ere He comes in judgment, and who could look at the fair city in the soft light of the evening, without praying from his deepest heart, for the full shining upon her and upon her benighted

thousands of the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in His beams, for all their sick, their sorrow and their sin. "The morning cometh," aye, and the noontide glory, for the dawn of light of a better day hath broken already upon her.

It was with a feeling of pensive sadness that was almost pain, that we took our last long lingering look at this glorious vision, and then in the deepening twilight rode back to the city.

NOTE.—The outbreak of Druse and Moslem fanaticism in July, 1860, has left a memory of terror of which the natives still speak with bated breath. In Damascus alone six thousand Christians were murdered and their bodies lay in heaps in the streets. All the consulates except the British and Prussian were burned, and the Christian quarter was converted into a heap of ruins. Many of the clergy were slain beside the altars of their churches.

In the Franciscan Convent, where nearly one thousand people had flocked for refuge, nearly everyone was put to the sword, and for three days the burning, robbery and murder reigned.

In Damascus and the mountains of Lebanon the number of Christians slain is estimated at fourteen thousand. A French corps of ten thousand men was despatched to Syria and a British fleet to the bay of Beyrout in protest against the massacre. The commandant of Damascus was arrested and beheaded in the public square. A great plane tree, forty feet in circumference, which still flourishes in the busy street, bore its sinister burden of dead bodies. Lord Dufferin acted as English commissioner, and ever since a Maronite Christian governor has held rule in Lebanon.

Isaiah speaks of the burden of Damascus (Isaiah xvii. 1): "The burden of Damascus. Behold, Damascus is taken away from being a city, and it shall be a ruinous heap." His language would be appropriate to the financial condition of the ancient city. The support of an army corps of twenty-two thousand men is sometimes imposed on this district. The revenue in 1873 was £2,381,255, but the amount received was only £629,337. Its debt of £357,000 in two years was doubled, bearing compound interest at eighteen per cent.

It is difficult to know its population, as no correct census is taken, but it is supposed to be 120,000, of whom 12,000 are Christians of different Oriental sects and 5,000 are Jews. The Frank or European colony is very small.

The ancient prophecies concerning Damascus seem literally fulfilled, "Damascus is waxed feeble, and turneth herself to flee, and fear hath seized on her: How is the city of praise not left, the city of my joy!" (Jer. xlix. 24, 25.) "Thus saith the Lord; for three transgressions of Damascus, and for four, I will not turn away the punishment thereof; but I will send a fire into the house of Hazael, which shall devour the palaces of Ben-hadad." (Amos i. 3, 4.)

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Becomes them with one half so good a grace as mercy does.

LIFE AND ADVENTURE IN THE HIGH ALPS.

BY DR. J. PERNISH AND JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS AND MISS SYMONDS.

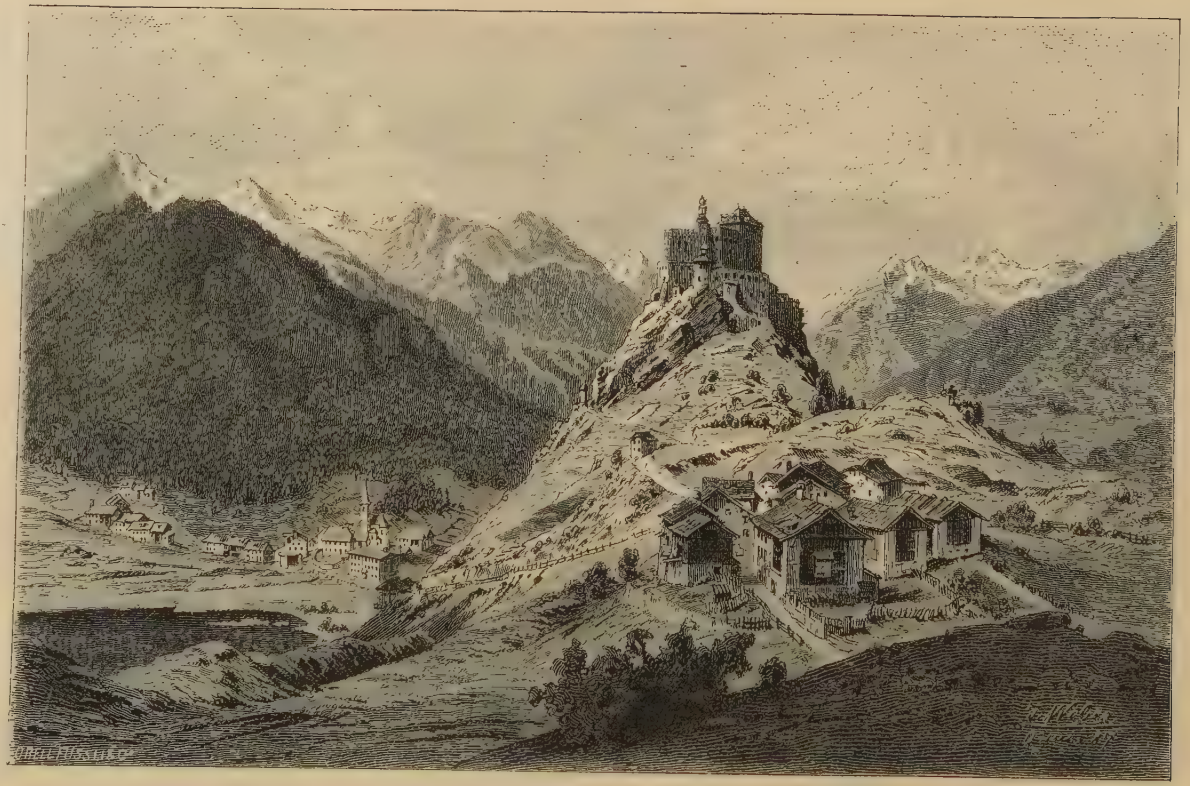
O land of Grisons, thou wondrous maze
Of ridge and valley and wild ravine,
With rapture dwells the pilgrim's gaze
On thy towering rocks and thy meadows green,
On thy dashing torrents' gleaming lines,
And the giant shapes of thy ancient pines.

—*Max Waldau.*

THE Engadine is an elevated valley in Eastern Switzerland, on the borders of Tyrol, which has long enjoyed a distinguished reputation as a health and pleasure resort. This is due largely to its singularly dry atmosphere, and to the fact of its being sheltered by engirdling mountains. These keep off the cold winds and reflect the warm sunshine, so that, notwithstanding the elevation of the lower Engadine of three thousand four hundred feet above the sea, one finds flourishing fields of maize and rye, and even fine fruit trees. The principal village is Martinsbruck, shown in our cut, page 233.

Here we meet with the first specimens of the old Engadine houses. They are built of stone, are generally long and narrow in shape, and turn one of their narrow sides to the street. Their most remarkable features are the small, loophole-like windows and the large doorway,—sufficiently capacious to afford passage to a loaded hay-waggon. The façade is sometimes ornamented with paintings, heraldic emblems, and sculptured figures,—as for instance the old house in Martinsbruck, illustrated on page 234, here, and a number of houses in Ardez and Süs. Although but a small village, Martinsbruck possesses a prettily situated and sightly little church.

Remüs, at an altitude of over four thousand feet, is surrounded by smiling cornfields. Just beyond the village the elongated Val Sinestra opens on the left side of the valley in the form of a wild and desolate ravine. This ravine is spanned by a very fine stone bridge, and a steep eminence rising close to the abyss is



TARASP CASTLE, FROM THE HOF BARAIGLA.

MARTINSBRUCK.

capped by the picturesque ruins of the ancient castle of Tschanuff, shown in cut on page 235.

Mounting slowly high above the deep, narrow, rocky channel of the Inn, we climb through larch-woods and then through meadows and fields to the flourishing village of Ardez (4,996 feet). Its cottages are grouped picturesquely round a barren, rocky eminence crowned by the hoary ruins of the castle of Steinsberg. The road, which is often blasted in the steep, rocky slope, now presents us at frequent intervals with very picturesque views, as that on page 237.

Tarasp is a mountain village, with chalybeate springs, and is a great health resort. Its hotel is lighted with electric lights, has concert rooms and all the luxuries of city life. In its vicinity are numerous delightful excursions; one of these leads through mountain meadows to the pavilion of the Wy-Quelle, standing on a projecting hill of tufa. A superb prospect is obtained from this commandingly situated structure.

Tarasp castle is a picturesque old structure perched on an almost inaccessible height, reached by zig-zag roads. It presents everywhere a frowning and inhospitable front, reminding us that the first object of feudal times was security from attack. Picturesque as these castles appear, they must have been very uncomfortable places in which to live. With much toil and many an aching back, the weary peasants must have climbed the steep

road conveying provisions and other supplies for the manifold needs of the garrison. Glorious as is the surrounding prospect of snow-capped mountains, dazzling white in full sunlight, blushing rosy hue at sunset, and gleaming spectral white or ashen gray in the moonlight, we doubt if they occupied much of the thought of the iron-clad men-at-arms. Even the fair dames of high degree, from their tiny cell-like chambers, could scarce get, through the lancet windows in the deep embrasured walls, a glance at this magnificent view. (See cuts on pages 232 and 239).

At an altitude of nearly five thousand feet are the picturesque ruins of the ancient church of St. Peter's, situated on a conical rocky mount. This eminence commands an extensive and interesting view of the mountains and valleys. Fetan, five hundred feet higher, has an extremely agreeable situation on a commanding sunny slope. In contrast to the gloomy idyllic surroundings is the record of the disasters which have at different times overtaken Fetan. In 1682 and 1720 it was in great part destroyed by avalanches, and in 1723, 1794, and again on September 23rd, 1885, by terrible conflagrations. For a time a still greater peril hung like the sword of Damocles over the heads of the sorely tried inhabitants, symptoms of an approaching landslip which would overwhelm them being plainly remarked; but this danger has been averted, it is to be hoped forever, by extensive draining and planting operations carried out with the assistance of the cantonal and federal governments.

OLD HOUSE AT MARTINSBRUCK.

The lone and well-nigh inaccessible mountains which border this valley are the home of the graceful chamois, the black and brown bear, and of the Lammergeier eagle, all of which furnish excellent sport for those who are murderously inclined.

The late lamented John Addington Symonds spent much of his later years in the High Alps and prolonged his valuable life in

this invigorating mountain land. His volume of Alpine sketches is one of fascinating interest. No one has ever better described the varied aspects of mountain life and adventure. The following is a sketch of tobogganing on a glacier:

"I can now only relate my own experience of that memorable ride. Smooth and very slowly at first; then, on a sudden, the runners of my toboggan glided easier—then bounded forward. Below me lay the billowy sea of unending white; beyond that, again, broken bits of moraine; then glimpses of the verdurous Prättigau, surmounted by innumerable ranges ending in Tödi and the whole Bernese Oberland. I could not fully realize the superb immensity of that Alpine view. I merely tore off my hat, leaned back, lifted my feet, and felt my toboggan springing forward into space. Then followed the most breathless flight I have ever flown. Up dashed the fresh snow into my face, filling my ears, my eyelids, my mouth and nostrils, and plastering itself in upon my chest. All power of controlling my headlong course had vanished. I believe I invoked the Deity and myself to stop at once this mad career. Then for a second all consciousness of danger forsook me. I was seized with the intoxication of movement, and hurled forward with closed eyes and lungs choked by the driving snow, which rose in a cloud before me. When I recovered my senses it was to find myself launched forth upon a gentler slope, and many metres to the left of the assigned course. A few feet in front of me I became aware of an old scar of a crevasse. It was neck or nothing, and I had no energy to stop. I shot across it and steered out upon the even plain of glacier. I had descended, through the sunlight, in the space of five minutes, a tract of snow-field, which it had taken us over an

TSCHANUFF CASTLE, NEAR REMUS.

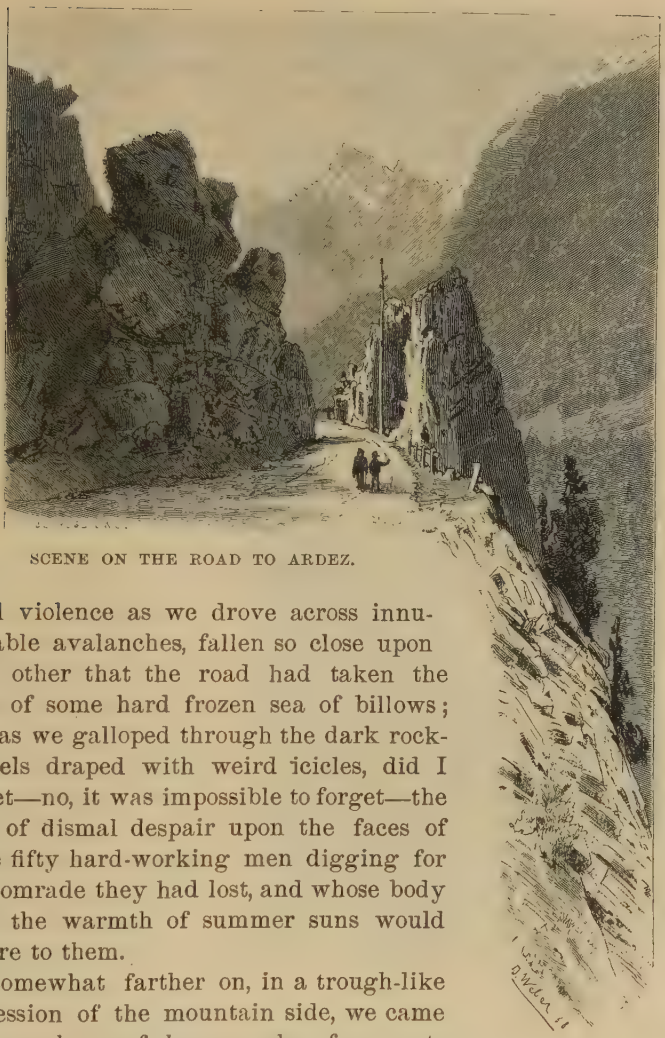
hour to climb at dawn. Mr. Symonds thus describes a four-days' journey on the snow:

"The mountain valley, Züge, even in the softness of summer-time, is, at its best, grand and terrific; but on that morning, as we drove through, it was ugly in its terror, wicked in grandeur. The avalanche swept through a narrow gorge, having gathered in its furious descent all the snows from the mountain-sides above. When it came to rest at last in the flat of the valley, it heaped itself out in a fan shape, crossing the river, and swinging up the opposite mountain. Wherever its mighty wind passed it mowed off the tops of the tough larch and pine trees as though they were

ARDEZ AND RUINS OF STEINSBERG.

blades of grass. So the post-road was suddenly lifted to an altitude of from fifty to sixty feet above its usual level.

"We drove very steadily over the snow mountain, and as we descended the other side we came upon a scattered crowd of peasants digging, still in search of a comrade who had been swept away six days before. They had been digging, these fifty men, for five days, and had not found his corpse. Something in the cold wickedness of this seemingly soft substance fills one with horror when one has learnt its force. I could not forget its



SCENE ON THE ROAD TO ARDEZ.

cruel violence as we drove across innumerable avalanches, fallen so close upon each other that the road had taken the form of some hard frozen sea of billows; nor, as we galloped through the dark rock-tunnels draped with weird icicles, did I forget—no, it was impossible to forget—the look of dismal despair upon the faces of those fifty hard-working men digging for the comrade they had lost, and whose body only the warmth of summer suns would restore to them.

"Somewhat farther on, in a trough-like depression of the mountain side, we came upon a chaos of huge rocky fragments piled high—relics, probably, of some sad catastrophe.

"With a sense of things that are over
A touch of the years long dead,
A perfume of withered clover,
An echo of kindness fled.

"We wake on this morn when snow-wreaths
Silently thaw to rain,
And the love that the old years know breathes
Dying not born again.

"Cold and gray is the morning,
Gray with evanishing rose;
We wake and I feel her warning,
I know what the doomed man knows.

"Stayed are the streams of madness,
Dried is the fount of tears;
But oh, at the heart what sadness!
And oh, in the soul what fears!"

The following is a fine description of dawn among the mountains: "I rose at four o'clock one summer morning. Dawn was going up behind the Tyrolese frontier, and in the south-west a buoyant, vast balloon of moon, greenish, like a lustrous globe of aqua-marine, hung swathed in rosy air upon the flat slope of Altien. But up above, on all the heights, nature played her own divine symphony; the full moon sinking glorified, the dawn ascending red and tired already. Has it often been noticed how very tired the earth looks at sunrise? Like Michael Angelo's wild female figure on the tomb of San Lorenzo, dragging herself with anguish out of slumber. I felt this most three years ago, after spending a summer night upon the feldberg, those enormous German plains outspread around me. When the morning came at last, its infinite sadness was to me almost heart-breaking."

PAVILION OF THE WY-QUELLE.

The mountain sympathy and literary skill seem hereditary in the family, as will be seen from the following sketch by his daughter of her adventures in hay-hauling in the Alpine snow:

"At the end of summer, when all the hay of the lower valleys has been gathered and housed, the peasants proceed to the higher pastures, and there they mow and carefully scrape together in the wildest and steepest places, and also in the pleasantest oases, those short and strongly-scented grasses which grow so slowly and blossom so late upon the higher mountains. This hay has a peculiar and very refined quality. It is chiefly composed of strong herbs, such as arnica and gentian, and is greatly prized by the peasants. The making of it is a process much enjoyed, and families will sleep out upon the heights above their homes for days together, till they have mown, dried, and staked the

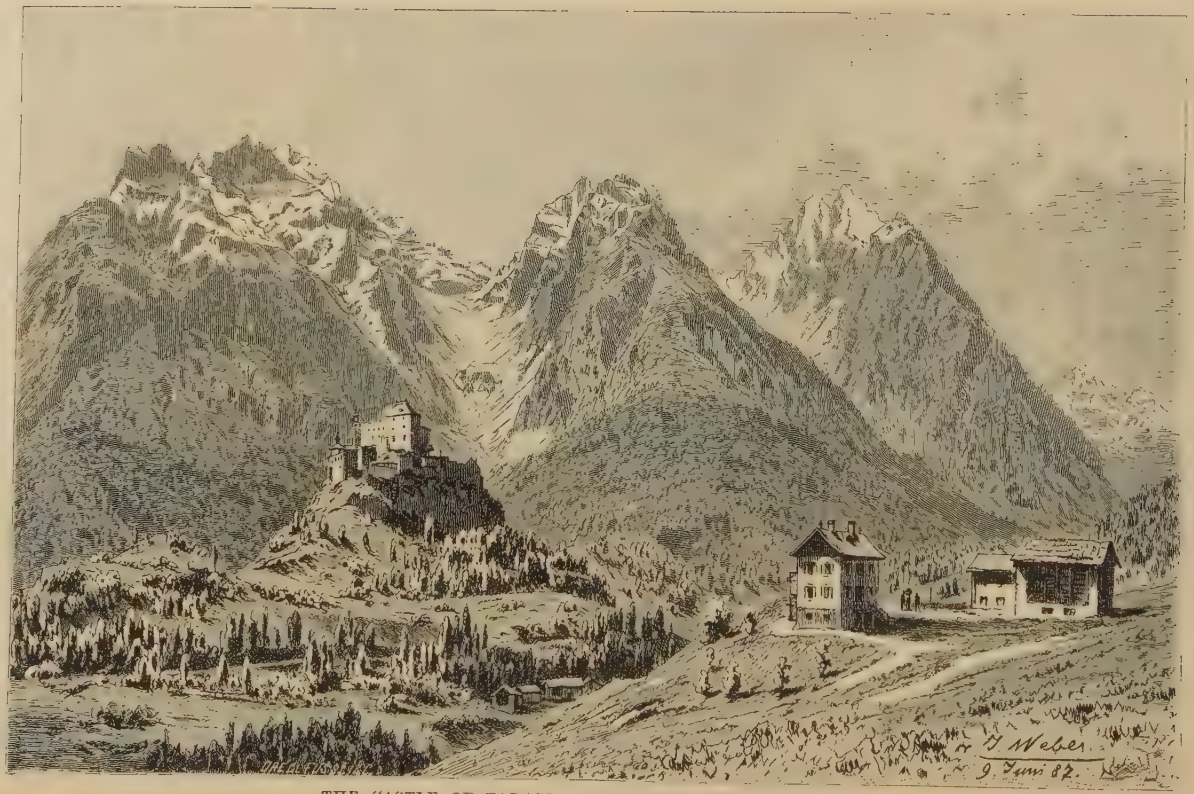
berg-heu in those tiny huts which are built low and firm on mountain ridges. These huts are then shut and abandoned till winter snows have fallen and the valley-hay has been consumed.

"Then comes a novel form of tobogganing, where the peasants' hard labour is salted with a pinch of exquisite excitement and a dangerous joy. The men climb up through the deep snow, dig out their huts, tie the hay into bundles, and ride down upon it into the valley. This process is a difficult and often very perilous one; for to steer such heavy and unwieldly burdens over the sheer and perpendicular descents is no light matter. A smooth track is soon formed, and each day increases the speed of progression down it.

CHURCH OF TARASP.

"Two nights ago a young peasant came to my father and said he was bringing his hay from the Alps on the dörfliberg, and that we three girls might go with him, which invitation we gladly accepted. The thing was novel and very exciting, owing to the element of risk which certainly attends it. Accordingly, at ten yesterday morning we started and drove to the foot of the mountain. There we left our sledge, and began the ascent of such a track as I have described above. But we followed the scent, so to speak, by noting the remnants of hay which lay here and there upon the snow, and we steered a straight course by the indescribably steep ascent.

"At first we passed over meadows, then struck into scattered forest. The trees stood out almost black against a sky so solid in its sapphire that it rivalled the pines in depth of tone. But as we mounted higher the path became a smooth, unbroken surface, so shiny, steep, and even, that it was no longer possible to gain a footing on its icy banks, and we had to turn off as the



THE CASTLE OF TARASP, SEEN FROM THE KREUZBERG.

men who had gone before us did, and climb the mountain-side by a series of short, deep steps which they had cut into the snow. This was a most laborious task; but up and over the slopes we clambered, and whenever we got to the top of a ridge we beheld another ridge beyond it, with the thin, green hay-track going up it straight as a dart, the footsteps by its side and above the great white mountains, blazing, unbroken by any rock or shadow, under the midday sun.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, NEAR SENT.

"We were very hot and very anxious to push forward, and we pulled ourselves up with scant intervals for breathing, till at length we came in sight of some men, with hay-packs ready for the downward leap, upon the hill-crest over us. To them we waved with frantic joy, and proceeded with renewed energy.

"We stood two thousand feet or more above the valley, in regions well-nigh untrodden; and here a light wind blew across the

FETAN.

snow-fields full of the scent of summer hay, for the châlet doors were open wide, and some men were working amongst the hay like moles, where the great white tracts of virgin snow were humped up on the edge of the hill, and three châlets nestled, all buried to their roofs in drift.

The men had dug a narrow track to the doors, which are formed of boards placed lengthways and easily removed. These were pulled away and a wealth of withered flowers and grasses lay within in heaps upon the floors. The pent-up scent of all these summer flowers rushed out upon the winter air, and burdened it with aromatic fragrance.

"At last we reached our châlet—the highest one of all. Johannes and his cousin were taking out the hay in little bundles and building them up into layers of straw and rope, to bind them into those firm packs on which we were to travel down into the valley

THE REALM OF THE CHAMOIS.

in the afternoon. The houses and the big hotels looked very small and mean down there, and the train, which crawled along, seemed but a trivial thing, all huddled, too, as these objects were, in wreaths of smoke, whilst we—oh! we were up two thousand feet above it all, in the heart of a mountain winter-world, with a dream of summer at our backs.

"We were advised to combine a firm with a light hold upon the cord which surrounded the hay. I inclined, I believe, to the former hint, for, whatever happened to my steed during that memorable ride, I always found myself firmly attached to its back, whether for better or worse I know not. We started with a slow, writhing movement which was wholly pleasant. We slid and glided over the first snow-field with enormous ease. Looking

behind me I saw my companions sitting, as it were, on the backs of nice green snakes which wriggled noiselessly through sunlight and through shade. But then we came to the end of gentle meadow lands, and slowed off on the brink of a sheer descent of some three hundred feet, at the end of which the track disappeared in the pine forest. And here we rested awhile.

"The descent recommenced. A yell from the front warned us to duck under, as we shot through the first skirts of forest, the branches breaking against our heads, and out again down another shoot, steeper than the first, but smooth, and ending in a flat meadow. There was another pause, and then we plunged sheer into the pinewood. The track was very narrow and evidently carried over the roughest ground, for it rose and fell in mighty curves like waves of the sea. On either hand the solid trunks of fir-trees stood to bruise the dangling and unwary toe. In the middle of the wood another halt was called, and some of the hay left behind to be called for at some future period. We were now requested to sit tight and look about us, and it was grimly borne in upon our minds that a nasty thing lay in front, as Johannes muttered that we were likely to find the way "komisch." But we had passed through so much in such safety that I could not now feel alarmed, and sat up very superior on my soft saddle. Moreover, ignorance is bliss, and we could see nothing ahead —the road seemed suddenly to disappear. The cause of this disappearance was only too manifest the next minute, for, after a lull, a lurch, much more tremendous than any before experienced, warned us of a real danger. We were shot forward down a narrow gully between high trees, and precipitated at an angle which seemed absolutely perpendicular. To increase the terror of that minute the hay-snake seemed to have assumed a diabolical personality. It hit Johannes about the head, jumped over him, still bearing us powerless upon its back, and then it ramped forward into an abyss, darkened by the depth of forest. We obeyed orders, my cousin and I—we sat tight, with our hearts anywhere but in the right position. Then we were thrown to the ground.

"The next thing I was aware of was a dead halt, with the hay on the top of me, and my fingers still tightly holding the rope, my cousin in the same position, and the figure of our driver emerging from a drift far above in the wood. No one was hurt, and the trees surveyed the havoc with profound serenity. The descent had been in all ways up to our expectations. Its dangers added to its excitement, and its excitement to its charm. We shook ourselves together, and plunged for some minutes along a deep track of level woodland, then out of the trees at last, and down more meadows into the open valley."

THE REV. DR. EGERTON RYERSON.

THE REVEREND DOCTOR RYERSON.*

BY JOHN GEORGE HODGINS, M.A., LL.D.

THE memories of great and noble men are a rich heritage to those who remain after they are gone. But it is no less true, that the waters of Lethe, alas, too soon pass over the memories, as well as the deeds, of even our greatest men. Who now speaks of our first Governor Simcoe; or, with intelligent appreciation, of Lord Elgin, our accomplished constitutional Governor-General; or of Sir John Beverley Robinson, or Robert Baldwin, as jurists and statesmen; for, to none of them has a single patriotic stone been raised, or a public memorial erected, to perpetuate their names and memory in "this Canada of ours." Yet truer sons to all her higher interests, and in their respective spheres, this Dominion has never known.

We have sought of later years to rescue from oblivion the names and deeds and memories of some of our most noted men, by erecting statues of them in the open air, and in the broad daylight, so that all may see the forms of those who have "deserved well of their country." Conspicuous among these is the statue of the subject of this sketch.

Having now been fifty years in the public service, and all of that time in connection with one of the most important departments of the Government, I have necessarily come in contact with many of our foremost public men, and noted strangers. Such a prolonged experience naturally enables one to estimate men and things by a standard of comparison, more or less high, as the years go by. That experience, and the moderating influence on opinion of time and distance, enables me to look the more dispassionately at the man we honour to-night, and at every side of his character. For his was indeed many-sided. No man, to my mind, better illustrated what may be termed the "evolution of character"—of early training and discipline—than did Dr. Ryerson.

As a youth, he was subject to many impulses, guided and controlled, as they were, by a Mother's loving hand. To her, he states, that he was "principally indebted for any studious habits,

*We have pleasure in reproducing the admirable paper read by Dr. J. George Hodgins, at the ceremony of unveiling the portraits of the Revs. Dr. Ryerson and Dr. Nelles at Victoria University. These portraits, by Mr. J. W. L. Forster, are two of the best portraits we have ever seen. Mr. Forster had splendid subjects to begin with and has caught the very spirit of the noble men whose portraits he has painted.—ED.

mental energy, or even capacity, or decision of character." From her, too, came religious instruction, "poured into his mind in childhood (as he said) by a mother's counsels, and infused into his heart by a mother's prayers and tears." When first under the influence of an awakened conscience, he became an ascetic, almost as pronounced in his methods of mental self-mortification as the veriest Trappist, with whose severe discipline Wesley himself was somewhat enamoured. When duty, however, called the youthful Egerton back to his father's farm, he obeyed "for the honour of religion," as he said; and in that spirit, he tells us, he "ploughed every acre of ground for the season, cradled every stalk of wheat, rye and oats, and mowed every spear of grass, pitched the whole, first on a waggon, and then from the waggon onto the hay-mow, or stack." While the neighbours were astonished at one man doing so much work, he said: "I neither felt fatigue nor depression, for 'the joy of the Lord was my strength.'"

Then, as usher, or master, in his gifted Brother's school, and as missionary and farm-instructor to the Indians at the Credit, in 1826, you see the same zeal, the same self-sacrifice and devotion to duty,—never flinching and never holding back.

Again, as the higher calls of the ministry required him to apply himself to acquire the necessary knowledge, he entered into that practical school of itinerancy, so noted in the history of the early Methodist preachers, and so celebrated in producing noble and heroic men in the early days of Methodism in this country.

And here I would pay a willing tribute, from my own experience, to the self-denying labours of these devoted men—the early Methodist preachers. It is now over sixty years (1833) since I left my father's house, in Dublin, to settle in the backwoods—first near London, and afterwards in Trafalgar. The years which I spent there are fragrant with many memories, and with pleasant associations of primitive farm life. And no less so, for the tender recollections of the simple services in school-houses in humble homes, or around the fires of the undisturbed camp-meeting in the woods. My own strong conviction is that the debt which Canada owes to the early Methodist preachers, to the single-hearted exhorters and class-leaders, as well as the devoted Presbyterians and Baptists, who come later into the field, can never be repaid. To them is this country indebted for keeping alive, in those early days, the deep religious feeling and devotion which they themselves had created and developed.

In Dr. Ryerson's case, the contact with the writings of Wesley, of Blair, of Fletcher, and also of Blackstone, Locke and Paley, in that silent, thoughtful study, for which the long round of the

circuit gave such ample opportunity, implanted in his very nature those germs of noble and lofty views of constitutional and religious freedom, which soon had a wider field for their development.

No man's mental career and experience, however, more clearly demonstrated the truth of the trite adage that "there is no royal road to learning," than did Dr. Ryerson's. It was a long, toilsome, and upward road to him, during the first twenty years of his life. He had little more than reached that age, when he first crossed swords with the then foremost champion of the exclusive claims of one Church to civil and religious rights in Upper Canada.

And here, a slight historical digression will enable us to see that what this youthful writer undertook, in the crusade, on which he had so courageously entered, was a much more serious matter than men of to-day are generally aware of.

The grievance complained of originated twelve years before Dr. Ryerson was born. It was embedded in the very Constitution of Upper Canada in 1791. The germ of that whole after evil took root then; and, by the time that that evil was grappled with by Dr. Ryerson and others, between thirty and forty years had passed by, and it had acquired strength and power, so that it took as many more years of anxious toil and labour, as well as successive assaults and active fighting, before the contest was brought to a successful close.

Simcoe, our first Governor, was one of the most enlightened of his contemporaries, in regard to the more practical and material parts of his duty as Governor. Yet he always seemed to be haunted with a vague fear of "sectaries" gaining a foothold in this Province. According to his idea of colonial government, the Church and the State should be united; and, to accomplish this, he bent all his energies, after he came to Upper Canada. Even before he came among us as Governor, he had formulated his own theory as to what civil and religious form his own colonial government should take. As a member of the British Parliament, before he took office under the Constitutional Act of 1791, which he had helped to pass, he had an opportunity of expressing his views, and of maintaining his theory of colonial government in the House of Commons. To him, and to the members who sympathized with his views, were we indebted for what afterwards proved to be an unjust and unfortunate provision in the Constitutional Act of 1791, "for the support of a Protestant clergy," and for the endowment of Church of England parishes in Upper Canada,—a provision which, for more than half a century, was the unceasing cause of bitter strife and heart-burning in this Province.

During, and after his time, the Church of England was always officially spoken of as the "Established Church of Upper Canada." And in setting apart the fifty-seven rectories in 1836, Sir John Colborne gave final effect to the Simcoe Act of 1791, which provided for the endowment of Church of England rectories in Upper Canada.

The Church and State views, so strenuously put forth by Governor Simcoe and those who surrounded, and those who succeeded, him, took strong hold upon the governing class of those days. They always maintained, as he did, that the Constitutional Act of 1791 provided for a State Church, and that the Act endowed it with reserves and prospective rectories. As the years went on, these views took a practical shape. In 1820, the Executive Government, under Sir Peregrine Maitland, established a system of Church of England "National Schools," as in England, without the knowledge or consent of the Legislature of Upper Canada, and four years after that legislature itself had passed a law establishing common schools in every settled township. In 1827 an exclusively Church of England Charter was obtained for the projected King's College. The application for this charter was accompanied by an ecclesiastical Chart—which afterward became very notorious—in which the number of non-episcopal churches, with their members, was dwarfed to insignificance. When the chart reached Upper Canada, in 1828, it raised such an indignant feeling in the country, that the House of Assembly took the matter up, and a report, strongly condemnatory of the chart, was prepared by a select committee of the House, based upon elaborate and conclusive evidence, obtained from over fifty witnesses, including many ministers and lay members of all the Churches. From this evidence Dr. T. D. Morrison prepared a revised and correct chart, and for this, being also a Methodist, he was dismissed from his employment. As a fitting protest against such treatment, Dr. Morrison was elected a member of the House of Assembly, and was afterwards Mayor of Toronto.

The climax of this high-handed and partisan policy was reached in 1831, when, in response to a respectful address from the Methodist Conference, Sir John Colborne reproached its members for their "dislike to any church establishment, or to the particular form of Christianity which is denominated the Church of England." He taunted them "with the accounts of disgraceful dissensions of the Methodist Church and its separatists," and closed by speaking of what he termed the "absurd advice given to the Indians by the Methodist Missionaries," and of their "officious interference." The Indians had already been told by executive sanction "that the Governor did not feel disposed to assist the

Indians, so long as they remained under their present [Methodist] teachers. . . But should the natives come under the superintendence of the Established Church, then the Government would assist them, as far as lay in their power." *

Into the contests which arose out of the preceding events which I have mentioned, Dr. Ryerson entered with all his heart. In 1826 and 1827, he struck the first blow for right, and for religious freedom, in his review of the Rev. Dr. Strachan's "Sermon on the Death of the first Bishop of Quebec." No one who now reads the youthful replies of this "Methodist Preacher," as he signed himself, to the statements, so depreciatory of the Methodists and all Nonconformists, which that sermon contained, but will be struck with the fact that it was the echo of the thoughts, somewhat turgidly expressed, of his early teachers to which Dr. Ryerson gave utterance in the first series of his replies. As the discussion progressed, and the number of his assailants multiplied, the native energy and the deep thinking of the youthful "Reviewer" asserted themselves; and they then had an impassioned and eloquent utterance all their own.

Thus gradually, and by this process, was slowly maturing the intellect and mental power of the man who was destined to leave his mark upon the early institutions of our land. Although his insight into men and things was somewhat intuitive, yet it was not by any means due to intuition alone that he grasped a situation, mastered a difficulty, or mentally solved the social or civil problems which constantly presented themselves to him in these early years of his life.

In 1828, Dr. Ryerson wrote a second series of letters to the Rev. Dr. Strachan, over his own signature, in regard to the ecclesiastical Chart. These letters were afterward reprinted in pamphlet form, as were also those of 1826-27.

These successive letters, in defence of the rights of non-episcopal churches, raised Dr. Ryerson to an eminence at the time to which no other man had attained, so that when the plans were matured for the establishment of the *Christian Guardian* newspaper, in 1829, Egerton Ryerson was appointed to be its first editor.

In 1832, Dr. Ryerson was deputed to attend the British Conference so as to negotiate a union of the Canadian and British Conferences. He left Canada early in 1833, and was most successful in his mission. On his leaving for England he was entrusted with a petition to the King in favour of the equal rights of all classes of His Majesty's subjects in Upper Canada, and signed by upwards of 20,000 people. In the same year was laid the founda-

*Rev. G. F. Playter's *History of Methodism in Canada* (1862), page 337.

tion stone at Cobourg of the Upper Canada Academy, which was destined, ten years afterwards, to expand into the University of Victoria College, or "Old Vic.," as she was lovingly called. On his return to Canada, Dr. Ryerson wrote a series of articles in the *Christian Guardian,* headed "Impressions made by my late visit to England." These "impressions" were violently assailed by Mr. William Lyon Mackenzie and other editors of extreme views, as being too favorable to the public men and institutions of England, and led to a protracted discussion, which had the effect of dividing into two hostile camps the liberals of moderate and extreme views—afterwards known as Reformers and Radicals—the latter of whom precipitated the rebellion of 1837.

In 1835, the financial embarrassments of the Upper Canada Academy necessitated urgent measures being taken to collect funds and to secure a royal charter for the institution, and Dr. Ryerson was appointed to go to England to obtain both.

As a slight digression in this narrative, I may mention that, owing to the persistent efforts of the revolutionary party in Upper Canada to influence the British Parliament against the moderate and law-abiding party in that province, the advocacy of Messrs. Hume and Roebuck, able and prominent members of the House of Commons, was secured. How their efforts were checkmated, Dr. Ryerson himself tells us. He said that "in presenting the Canadian petition, Mr. Hume made an elaborate speech, full of exaggerations and misstatements from beginning to end. I was requested to take a seat under the gallery of the House of Commons, and while Mr. Hume was speaking, I furnished Lord Sandom and Mr. Gladstone with the materials for answers to Mr. Hume's misstatements. Mr. Gladstone's quick perception, with Lord Sandom's promptings, kept the House in a roar of laughter at Mr. Hume's expense for more than an hour; the wonder being how Mr. Gladstone was so thoroughly informed on Canadian affairs. . . Mr. Hume was confounded and made no reply, and as far as I know, never after spoke on Canadian affairs." Dr. Ryerson followed this up by a series of letters in the *London Times,* signed "A Canadian." TheBritish North American Association of Merchants in London, had these letters reprinted, and a copy of them sent to the members of both Houses of Parliament.

It is unnecessary to dwell further on the stirring events of these troublesome times, in which Dr. Ryerson took his full share as the champion of moderation and of equal rights. It endangered his life, however; and Elders Case and Green and others prevented him from going on from Cobourg to Toronto, on his way from Kingston, for, as Dr. Ryerson states in his "Epochs of Methodism," "it had been agreed by W. L. Mackenzie and his fellow-rebels in

1837 to hang Egerton Ryerson on the first tree they met with, could they apprehend him."

I have referred to the union effected between the British and Canadian Conferences by Dr. Ryerson in 1833. A series of misunderstandings, as well as personal feeling in the English Conference against Dr. Ryerson, brought that union to a close in 1840. The Canadian part of that painful event took place in the old Adelaide Street church. Few only of the older Methodists of to-day will remember the memorable scene in that old church, when so many of the ministers separated themselves from each other, and into two bands,—those who, from old associations and feeling, adhered to the British Conference, and those who remained faithful to the Conference in this country. All were greatly moved, when they bade each other farewell, and many quiet tears were shed. At the close of the Conference, Dr. Ryerson, who had been accused of self-seeking and ambition, delivered a memorable speech in his defence. As he closed, he referred to his disinterested labours for the Church of his youth, and for the Academy, and then quoted, with touching effect, the following words from one of Wesley's hymns—

> "No foot of land do I possess,
> No cottage in the wilderness;
> A poor wayfaring man."

It would protract this narrative beyond the time assigned to me, were I to go into particulars of Dr. Ryerson's interviews and intercourse with Colonial Ministers, with Lieutenant-Governors and Governors-General, on the affairs and good government of this Province. Nor can I give any details of the speeches, editorials, or other writings of Dr. Ryerson, during the many years of contest for civil and religious freedom, or on the Clergy Reserve and other questions which agitated Upper Canada from 1825 to 1840. The *Christian Guardian,* the general newspaper press, and the records of the House of Assembly, contain ample proof of the severity of the protracted struggle, which finally issued in the establishment, on a secure foundation, of the religious and denominational privileges and freedom which we now enjoy. To the Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists and others, who joined with the Methodist leaders in the prolonged struggle, the gratitude of the country must ever be due.*

*In his "Epochs of Methodism," page 164, Dr. Ryerson says: "But the burthen of that great struggle, together with the reproaches, abuse, and, in some instances, persecutions, had to be borne by the Methodists, who—laymen and ministers—were a unit in the contest for equal rights and privileges in behalf of all religious denominations." See also pages 101 and 212 of "The Story of My Life."

I now turn from contemplating Dr. Ryerson as one of the foremost champions, in his day, of the civil and religious rights of his countrymen. People of the present day chiefly regard him as the founder of a system of popular education, which, under his hand, became the pride and glory of Canadians. This, however, is but a partial view of what he did for his country. When he assumed office in 1844, the brunt of the battle was practically over. He had been actively engaged in the struggle for twenty years, and victory was then assured to the combatants on the side in which he had been a conspicuous leader.

It was in his position as President of Victoria College, that the practical and sympathetic sides of his character shone out so brightly. On these points I can speak from personal knowledge, for I was at Victoria College for four years, and during the whole time of Dr. Ryerson's incumbency there. The motive, on which he unconsciously acted, and which had influenced himself in early life, was the one which moved him as President of the College; and which, in every form, he sought to impress upon his students. In its concentrated form it was embodied in these ancient words:

"IN SCIENTIA EXCELLERE PULCHRUM EST; SED NESCIRE TURPE."

It was with such a motto that he appealed to every young man who entered college; and he himself gave practical proof of it, by his own diligent study, and his mastery of the subjects which he taught to the students. He had the happy faculty, too, of investing these subjects with somewhat of a personal character, and with a reality such as might have the effect of practically influencing the after career of the student. Thus he modernized Grecian and Roman history, and sought to find parallels in the past for the events of modern times. History, in his hands, was shown to indeed repeat itself; and teaching of this kind tended to fix and fasten the disjointed facts of general history on the mind and memory of the student.

We will now speak of the silent yet potent influence of the President in forming and fixing the religious character of young men at Victoria College. ESTO PERPETUA; may such an influence ever be potent in this University!—I shall not theorize upon this subject. I shall speak of it particularly as it affected myself as a student, and many others with me. What struck me particularly at the time was the perfect oneness of spirit and feeling which characterized the social and religious gatherings of the students and teachers alike. President, professor and student felt themselves, when in that atmosphere, to be all alike children of the same Father, and in the presence of Him who is "no respecter of persons" in

Christian worship and service. It was indeed there that the President revealed the unaffected simplicity of his Christian character, the tender sympathy of his loving heart, and the helpful nature of his religious experience, as expressed in his suggestive counsels and practical advice. In his personal religious influence among the students, it might truly be said of him, as Goldsmith has said of the "Village Preacher":

> "He watched and prayed and felt for all . .
> He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
> Allured to brighter worlds—and, led the way!"

There has often come back to me a striking example of the potency of the silent religious influences of Victoria College in those days. Among our students was a large-hearted and kindly young fellow, but somewhat of an exclusive Episcopalian. He never would come to any of the voluntary religious meetings in the College. After I left Cobourg I lost sight of him for many years. Happening to be in the neighbourhood of his former home, I asked about him, and was told that he was then one of the most devoted evangelists among lumbermen and destitute settlers. All at once, (knowing the man as I did,) the truth flashed upon me, and I said, "Ah, the germ of that new life, silent as it was, and unresponsive as it remained at the College, had at length asserted its vitality, and had borne this precious fruit." I recalled many incidents which assured me that I was right in my surmise. It also recalled a somewhat parallel case of a young soldier enlisted in the Federal Army, and leaving home with his mother's teaching in his heart, and his mother's blessing upon his head. The story is touchingly told in a few verses which I shall quote. They show how, that, in the young soldier's case, as in that of the student, the silent influence of the "alma mater," and the tender love of the soldier's mother were identical in their effective power for good. No doubt, the sweet and softened melody of the good old Methodist hymns, wafted up to his quiet room in the College, came back to the student with tenfold force in after years, and flowed out again from a heart "making melody" in itself, and attuned to higher things.

The soldier-incident is thus told:

> Beneath the hot midsummer sun,
> The men had marched all day;
> And now beside a rippling stream
> Upon the grass they lay.
>
> Tiring of games and idle jests,
> As swept the hours along,
> They called to one who mused apart,
> "Come, friend, give us a song."
>
> "I fear I cannot please," he said;
> "The only songs I know
> Are those my mother used to sing
> For me, long years ago."
>
> "Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
> "There's none but true men here;
> To every mother's son of us
> A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice
Amid unwonted calm,
"Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?

"And shall I fear to own His cause?"—
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbbed with fear
With tender thoughts were filled.

Ended the song; the singer said,
As to his feet he rose,
"Thanks to you all, my friends; good-night,
God grant us sweet repose."

"Sing us one more," the captain begged;
The soldier bent his head,
Then glancing round, with smiling lips,
"You'd join with me," he said,

"We'll sing this old familiar air,
Sweet as the bugle call,
'All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall.'"

Ah! wondrous was the old tune's spell
As on the singer sang.
Man after man fell into line,
And loud the voices rang!

The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard;
But ah! the depths of every soul
By those old hymns are stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip,
In whispers soft and low,
Rises the prayer the mother taught
The boy long years ago!

As to the later life-work of Dr. Ryerson, I can only make a brief reference. Noted as he was as a skilful controversialist in the momentous questions which were agitated in his early days, yet his fame will ever rest upon the fact that he founded a great system of public education for this Province. In doing so, he had to encounter unusual difficulties. He had to fight many a battle, but it was with men brought up in the Old Land, and also with foreign ecclesiastics. And he never had to cross swords in these contests but with one Canadian, and that one is now a non-resident of this country. The soil in which he had to sow his seed was unpropitious, the country was somewhat unprepared. English ideas of "schools for the poorer classes" prevailed. Free schools were unknown, almost unheard of; and when proposed, were denounced as an "invasion of the rights of property;" while the leading newspaper of the day assailed them as "downright robbery." Yet all these difficulties were overcome in time, and free schools are now a universal heritage. Handsome school-houses, able inspectors, and good teachers are everywhere to be found; and all rejoice that the great problem of Public Education has been so successfully solved in this Province, and that too by one of her own sons, born upon her own soil.

In a touching letter which Dr. Ryerson wrote to me, for he could not trust himself to speak, when, for the last time, he left the office in February, 1876, where we had so often conferred together, he thus summarized what had been accomplished:

"We have laboured together with a single eye to promote the best interests of our country, irrespective of religious sect, or political party, to

devise, develop and mature a system of instruction, which embraces and provides for every child in the land a good education . . and which makes provision, whereby Municipal Councils and Trustees can provide suitable accommodation, teachers and facilities for imparting education and knowledge to the rising generation of the land."

Even after he left office his heart was in the work, and he yearned for a time to be again labouring as of old. Writing to me from England, at the close of 1876, he said:

"Had the Government allowed us to work as we had done in former years, and sustained us, we would have done great things for our country; and I could have *died* in the harness with you. But it was not to be. . I have no doubt it will be seen that the hand of God is in this, as it has been in all of our work for more than thirty years."

As a foremost Canadian who has served his country well, we are all proud of him!

The career of such a man deserves to be held up as worthy of study and imitation, especially in those heroic acts of self-abnegation and self-sacrifice in the defence of our civil and religious rights, and in the noble qualities of endurance and far-sightedness of the Christian statesman, which he displayed in performing the great work of his life.

The pressure on the young men of the present day, and their nervous anxiety to launch into active life, unfits them for the practice of that severe self-discipline, and mastery of principles, which was so marked a characteristic of Dr. Ryerson. It also leaves little time for the study of the career of such a man as he was. This is their loss, and indirectly, it is a loss to the country; for in this day of restless change, we require thoughtful men, men well-furnished as was he, and also that heroic man, the Rev. Dr. Douglas, in all of those higher gifts which are largely the result of study, of reading, and of intelligent observation.

A distinguished career at college, without these, is not enough; for have we not often been grievously disappointed to see so many men, who take first-class honours in universities, utterly fail to make their mark in after life, simply, in many cases, because they have only cultivated a part of their powers, and were content to "rest upon their oars," and to be satisfied with what proved to be the ephemeral honours won at college; and thus they have left their intellectual powers unbalanced, untrained and undisciplined, and the end is disappointment and failure.

I have a few words personal to Dr. Ryerson and myself to say in conclusion:

For over forty years, I enjoyed the personal friendship of the distinguished man whose memory we honour here this evening,

thirty-two years of which were passed in active and pleasant service under him.

As the head of a Department, he had the rare gift of attaching to himself all of those who served under him. He differed also from many other heads of Departments, in that, (metaphorically speaking,) he never assumed to be such a Colossus in power and strength, or such a Solon in wisdom and foresight, as to have achieved all the success which marked his administration. He took pride in "rendering to all their dues," and especially, "honour to whom honour." He was not a man to be absorbed in details. He felt that his place was on the watch-tower of observation, so as to be able to survey the whole educational field; and whatever he saw was good and excellent elsewhere, to incorporate it in our school system. Hence, it is to-day composite in its character, and embodies in its structure most of what is valuable in other systems. It therefore rests upon a broad and solid foundation; and in its main features it is destined to last for many years as the pride and glory of this young country.

I have spoken of Dr. Ryerson's desire for engaging in his old work. After his last return from England, however, he spoke but seldom on that subject, and then only with a feeling of regret, for he knew that it could never be. Finally, he would but rarely allow me to speak of his old life-work, as it was now in other hands. It was only when he thought that events affected me in any way, that he would refer to the subject; and then his face would light up and he would express himself as though we were once more together in the Department. As time went on, I could see that he was failing, and that "the strong man was bowed down," and that he began to droop. I often tried, by referring to active and pleasant incidents in the past, to cheer the noble old man; but, as I did so, I felt an overwhelming sadness, for the old-time fire and interest in them were gone, and the end was slowly, but surely, coming. Then indeed, "the joy of the Lord," as of old, was his strength, and he even rejoiced that the end was near.

At length, on one quiet Sunday morning in February, 1882, as I and others sat at his bedside, he peacefully passed away; and nothing remained to us then but the silent form of one of Canada's noblest sons and one of the greatest of her children.

"Home to my God"—earth's clouds left far behind,
Of all the long, steep path the last step trod—
The perfectness of rest and love to find
Through all eternity, at home with God.
—*Parkinson.*

WESLEYAN FOREIGN MISSIONS.*

BY REV. H. J. POPE.

(*Ex-President of the Wesleyan Conference.*)

"And if ye have not been faithful in that which is another man's, who shall give you that which is your own?"—LUKE xvi. 12.

THE parable of the unjust steward is admittedly hard to be understood. No other of our Lord's parables has called forth so many and such a variety of comments as this. Yet there is one canon of interpretation which applies to this equally with other parables—that the best commentator upon the parables of Jesus Christ is Jesus Christ Himself. And all His teaching of this kind is either introduced by or concludes with some short, terse, pregnant sentences which contain the very gist of the lesson He would have us learn. The words of the text supply the key to the mystery of this parable; they are the solution of its difficulties. What are the difficulties of interpretation which the parable presents? You all felt them as it was read. How very harsh and unusual appear such words as "And the lord commended the unjust steward." What sort of a lord could he have been to do thus? It relieves us to find that it was not *our* Lord, but the lord of the steward, who commended him for acting wisely, though dishonestly. The fact that he did so simply proves that the master was as bad as the man. There is nothing to choose between them; they stand together on the same low platform of worldly expediency and selfish motive—they are "children of this world," governed by the same principles, actuated by the same motives. Most likely the lord had himself, ere this, defrauded or oppressed his steward. If placed in the same circumstances as his servant, and possessed of the same promptitude and ready wit, he would have done as the steward did. The lord had suffered by the roguery of his servant, but could not withhold a tribute of admiration at this display of the same qualities which he himself possessed.

This explanation removes some of the difficulties, but not all. Our Lord holds up something here as an example for us. What is there shown us in this picture which we may imitate? Not the principles governing the conduct of the unjust steward. They were wholly detestable. But the transaction itself is to be imitated having respect to the relationship between our Master

* A sermon preached, at the Wesleyan Missionary Anniversary, in City Road Chapel, London. The official visit of Mr. Pope to our General Conference will give special interest to this admirable sermon.

and His stewards. Here we have a man, entrusted with the goods of another, so using them as to obtain an advantage for himself. Are there any conceivable circumstances in which we might use goods entrusted to us by another for personal profit? Only under one condition, and that condition exists here. If that other person entrusted us with his property with the express purpose, intent, command so to use it as to get increase for ourselves, then, and only then, would this be right. While there are similarities between the relations of the lord and the steward in the parable and our Lord and His stewards, there are also differences, for the parable teaches by dissimilarities as well as by similarities. The lord entrusted his goods to the steward that he might trade with them for the master's benefit, and the steward's fidelity would consist in so doing. The relation between our Lord and His stewards is the reverse of this. He entrusts us with His goods to be used, not in enriching Him; that is impossible. No conceivable trafficking of ours can increase His wealth. But the use is to be for our own profit. "*I* say unto you"—I who am the Lord of all you possess—"make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail they may receive you into everlasting habitations." Fidelity to our Lord and Master consists in the wise and constant use of that which He has committed to us so as to receive a welcome for ourselves to everlasting habitations. Faithfulness in that which is least will secure for us that which is much.

I. The further exposition, therefore, of this saying of our Lord's depends on the interpretation put upon two of its phrases: "That which is another man's," and "that which is your own." What are we to understand by these? No sooner do we begin to think about them than we find a great confusion of ideas. There is a very general reversal of the order of truth in the interpretation of these two phrases. What is "your own"? Most people when they contemplate their *own* fasten at once upon worldly possessions—houses, lands, businesses, accumulations, investments, worldly position, honours in society, dignities achieved. "These are my own," say they, and in this territory they walk, imagining that here they are supreme. But these are the very things which are *not* your own. "Where," say you, "is the man who can successfully question the validity of my title deeds? Who is he that will challenge my right to these things? They were bequeathed by my ancestors, or they have been gotten by my own industry, or accumulated by my thrift. Surely these are my own." And it is of precisely such things as these that Christ speaks when He uses the phrase "that which is another man's."

But whose are they? Where is the other who can claim proprietorship in them? There is One whose presence fills eternity, in whose hands our breath is, and whose are all our ways. The Lord of Life and Being has endowed us with being and with all we possess. We ourselves are His. The capacities of our being, the possibilities of our nature, everything we have, or are, or may become—the sum of our whole being—is His. If so, then surely all these external things, which for a very short while are attached to us, belong to Him also. He penetrates every corner, knows the history of all our possessions. "The silver and the gold are His, and the cattle upon a thousand hills." If I tell the truth as to all the things I "own," I shall say: The Lord Jehovah, all are His. I shall write His name at the head of the capital account. There is indeed Another in the question—the High and Lofty One, who inhabiteth eternity." But you will say, "Oh, yes, we admit all that. That is Theology." Yet there are very few who are influenced by the considerations arising out of this admitted truth.

But there are other men in question. It is not possible to acquire any earthly things of which we can say that we have the absolute proprietorship. Other men have claims and rights in them. We are but trustees for the common good. Our worldly possessions are not "our own." Surely, to-day men are learning that property has its responsibilities as well as its rights, its obligations as well as its privileges. No man has the right to say: "This is for myself, and myself only." He holds for his brethren in general. The solution of the social problems which perplex society lies in the recognition of this great Christian doctrine of trusteeship. Because these things are not our own is no reason for seeking, by an equal division of property, to adjust the rival claims of different classes in society. Nothing could be more absurd or unfaithful. Not in absolute proprietorship, nor by arbitrary divisions, nor by attempted communism, but by the doctrine that all we have we hold as trustees for the good of those by whom we are surrounded, shall we fulfil the Divine purpose in committing to our keeping "that which is another man's." I almost hear you say again, "Yes, we admit all this." But how much unfaithful trusteeship there is, nevertheless.

To bring the truth home to us we must reflect upon the fact that, in the most literal and absolute sense, these worldly things are not our own—they are "another man's." How soon the day will come to all of us when, willingly or reluctantly, we shall be compelled to part with earthly goods. In prospect of that hour we may already ask ourselves, in the words of the prophet,

"Where will ye leave your glory?" It must be left. Where can it be left that we shall ever find it again? Then, when we are confronted with the death summons, whose shall those things be which we have fondly imagined were our own?" What wonderful ingenuity men display in their testamentary arrangements in order to declare whose those things shall be. Alas! how futile their endeavours. Not for long in any case—often not even for a short period—can they say whose those things shall be, but into the hands of another, or of others, all must be surrendered. That inevitable "other man;" how he dogs our footsteps in life, ever following on our track—a few short days or years and he will overtake us. Men cling to their possessions and call them their own, yet after all they are but money-carriers to the gates of death. They will soon wake up from the dream of earthly life, and in the presence of death from their palsied hands will drop the treasure they have grasped, from their shoulders will fall the burden under which they have staggered. Most certainly these things are *not* "our own." They are "another man's." Ere long that other man will be examining our papers, operating upon our balance at the bank, and dividing our property—perhaps in the manner we should least desire.

"What then *is* our own? Is there in this fleeting, changeful world anything we can so appropriate that it shall become in very deed and of a truth our own? God in His infinite goodness and mercy through Jesus Christ our Saviour has made it possible for us to become possessed of true riches which shall be our heavenly portion, our eternal inheritance. Nothing external is really our own—not any of the earthly things we acquire and hold—but the moral qualities we possess, as the result of dealing with earthly things, these are our own—love of justice, mercifulness, humility, benevolence—these are the patrimony of man, made after the image of God, and in His likeness. Inwoven daily into the very texture of our spiritual being are qualities which become a part of ourselves. God sees not only what we are, but what we may become. He sees the loftiest ideal for every human being, what we might be if the utmost possibilities were reached. This He has willed shall be our own, and has bidden us reach out to and obtain as much of these highest possibilities as we choose. In the formation of character we are acquiring that which shall be ours for ever. The Apostle Paul refers to this in his Epistle to the Corinthians, when he speaks of being clothed upon with our habitation which is from heaven, if so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked." When our spirits, separated from their earthly tabernacle, pass into

their new sphere, their equipment for their new career will be the dispositions, the affinities, the qualities which they have already made their own. "Clothed with humility as with a garment," clad in vestments of truth, of purity, and of love, they are fitted for the life of heaven. The qualities of our nature will be the vehicle of our communication with the upper world of light and blessedness.

Unhappily, many make their own what God never intended should be theirs. The contrary qualities to those I have mentioned, the carnal, the sensual, even the devilish, may become ours. It is possible for men to become untruthful, unjust, unmerciful; and these qualities, which God never intended should be their own, may be so woven into the texture of their being as to determine the sphere in which they shall move when, clothed with shame, they enter upon their final inheritance of woe.

II. If we thus clearly understand what is "another man's" and what is "our own," then the teaching of the text becomes at once apparent. Only by faithfulness in the use of another's can we become possessed of that which God intended should be ours. By our use of the things of the earth we are obtaining the higher things that appertain to our character and destiny. Possessions in themselves base and carnal may be so employed that out of them we shall secure the spiritual and the heavenly. From the "unrighteous mammon" we may extract the "true riches"—from that which is least that which is much; from the fleeting treasures of this life the enduring wealth of eternity; from that which is "another man's" that which is "our own."

All the relations of our life here become thus invested with a vast importance. We cannot afford to despise the earthly; we cannot neglect its proper use, or fail in righteous dealing with it, but we beggar our real selves. Many scarcely reflect that their daily trafficking with worldly matters—their business, their gains, their losses, their ambitions, and their plans—are leaving indelible traces on their spiritual being. The material things they handle will perish in the using, but the noble qualities—the generosity, the unselfishness, the truthfulness, the mercifulness, the Godlikeness—they have acquired in the sphere of worldly duty will abide with them for ever. And equally so, on the other hand, when all the cherished schemes, the ill-gotten wealth, and the tarnished honours of the worldy-wise man have long since perished, the meanness, the miserliness, the untruthfulness, the injustice, the selfishness, that have come of his dealings with that which was "another man's," will cleave to him, as the leprosy of

Gehazi clave to him and to his seed after him. The mortal poison has entered into the very springs and sources of his inner life, and he has made to be his very own that which will be evermore corrupt and corrupting.

The great truth thus inculcated has many applications—it is true of every temporal possession, of every earthly relationship, and of all talents of whatsoever kind with which we are entrusted.

Its immediate and obvious application is to the use of money—and this was the application primarily intended by our Lord, who spake this parable to rebuke the covetous Pharisees. It may be supposed that such a use of this great lesson will at once lead us to a discussion of the duty of Christian giving. We may come to this ultimately, but there are several other aspects of our dealing with that which is "another man's" to be first considered. The mischief to some men's characters is done before they come to the claims of charity; it is done in the process of getting and accumulating. They have already acquired a nature so sordid and selfish that they are "past feeling." They cannot give because they have so much, or because they have got it by means dishonourable or destructive of their nobler nature. Years ago, when they were poorer and purer, if they had been told of some of the things they now do and say, they would have been ready to cry, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?"

Nothing more surely corrodes and destroys the lofty nature that God intends should be our own than ill-gotten gain and the love of hoarding for its own sake. It is impossible that such should enter into the kingdom of heaven. The whole realm of fine feeling, of noble sentiment, and of generous thought is closed against them. In the very act of getting they have so dealt with that which is "another man's" that it is impossible they can now get that which should be their own, or possible only inasmuch as to God all things are possible. It would require the working of that rarest and most unlikely of moral miracles by which the rich man, whose heart has been set upon his riches, should be so completely changed that he should no longer love, or desire, or care to retain that which has become as second nature to him. It cannot be too urgently impressed upon us that in our modes of getting money, and our plans and purposes in accumulating, we are moulding our characters. Men who would secure "their own" must sometimes be content to stand by with hands off when other people are eagerly gathering—they must allow some things to go past them, for the price of taking them is the sacrifice of their

highest, truest manhood. No subsequent gifts, however costly, will avail to bring back to some men the nobility they have lost in the getting. No hush-money offered to God and conscience will eradicate the evil qualities they have wrought into their characters.

This truth holds good not merely in relation to great wealth and large transactions in business, it finds its illustration in all spheres—even the lowliest. The merchant or trader who leaves his counting-house or his shop when the day's work is done leaves behind that which is "another man's." He leaves the interests, the claims, the rights of others which have been within his power, but inevitably he carries away something vastly more important to himself; insensibly, but continuously, he has been acquiring "his own," and he goes from the manufactory or the warehouse morally a better or baser man. During every hour of the day he has been silently appropriating "his own" whilst handling that which is "another man's."

And even so the workman in his common tasks is fashioning his own character and moulding his inner life. He builds into the unseen parts of an edifice with honesty, with truth and fidelity, and these qualities are at the same time strengthened and built up in his own being. Let there be base and false work at the forge and the loom, and he who has done it may suppose the transaction is ended when the fraud has passed undetected. Not so; the falseness he has perpetrated has become part of himself—he has made that "his own" which he supposed he had inflicted on "another man."

Nor is it merely in the modes of getting money, but in the purposes for which it is retained and used, that men mould their characters and destiny. For there are circumstances in which it is right, and indeed our duty, to retain wealth that it may be wisely used as a fund for the good of others. God has given some men not only large capital, but ability and opportunity so to lay it out that they may provide work and wages for others. In such cases the first duty of a capitalist is to take care of his capital. It is not "his own"; it belongs to others, and is entrusted to him that he may employ it for the common weal. It is better retained and used for its legitimate purposes than it would be if distributed in charity. It is possible that "holiness to the Lord" may be written on the wealth of the capitalist, that he may hold it without loving it, that he may use it for the glory of God and the good of his fellows; not losing himself in his possessions, but realizing the highest and noblest possibilities in the sanctified use of capital. For it requires great self-restraint,

steady industry, and often hard work to make such a use of capital that it shall yield its increase in blessing to the community.

We are all of us familiar with the spectacle of the miserable millionaire who has treated the great fund entrusted to him as if it were "his own." He has employed it in great gambling speculations, that he might have the unhallowed excitements that have ended in a moral and, perhaps, mental and bodily paralysis. He has used that which was "another man's" for his own aggrandizement and self-indulgence. In pomp, in luxury, perhaps in sinful gratifications that only great means can command, he has blighted and destroyed all that was tender, honourable, and pure. Instead of light, and love, and truth, he has for his own a great curse extracted from his great capital.

There is the opposite picture sometimes to be looked upon. The man who has so wisely and generously used his means that he has blessed thousands, and has himself grown more and more unselfish. He has cultivated the best things in his own spirit and character, whilst he has worked in the use of wealth for the good of others. The town or village in which he lives displays in its thriving population, its contented homes, its salutary surroundings; in its schools, its churches, its public life, the proofs and fruits of his usefulness. How manifestly such a one has obtained "his own" in the use he has made of "that which is another man's."

But it is not given to all of us to find "our own," or lose "our own," in these larger spheres of duty. It is, however, certain that all of us are determining "our own" by the use we make of "another man's" in the matter of Christian giving. Whether we have less or more of this world's goods, in our response to the calls of charity we affect for good or evil our dispositions and our characters. All that is beautiful in feeling, in sentiment, and in sympathy is fed and increased in this sphere of duty, or in the neglect of it we profane the inner sanctuary of the highest life possible to us. Nothing more certainly determines our characters than our givings, or our withholdings—the measure, the proportion, the spirit, and the motive all affect the issue to ourselves. And God has left us very largely to work out the result for ourselves. He has supplied us with the great principle, but He has not given us minute directions. The Lord is not an income-tax collector. Whether we will give, when and how we are to give, to whom, to what, and the proportion to this or that, we must determine for ourselves. We must be guided by treason and conscience, remembering in it all that these dealings with "that which is another man's" more than anything

else are deciding what shall be "our own" both for time and for eternity.

It is impossible to lay down any mechanical rules applicable alike to all men and to all occasions. Some men ought to give a larger proportion than others, and the same man ought to give a larger proportion at some periods of his life than at other periods. The man who has £1,000 per annum ought to give a larger proportion than the man who has only £1 a week, and the man whose family is already educated and settled in life ought not to be governed by the proportions that were just at an earlier period of his career.

If the great principle laid down in this parable be acted upon, we shall have no lack of support for our Foreign Missionary work. We shall learn to put the great missionary enterprise in its true and proper position. We shall seek "our own" of Church life and increase, not in a narrow view of interests and duties that are nearest to us, expending all our sympathy and effort upon local movements only, and thus cultivating selfishness in a modified form in our very endeavours to do good, but with a world-embracing charity we shall enter upon work to supply the needs of others. The larger our outlook the wider our sympathy, and the more certain we are to secure fulness of blessing in our own souls, and fulness of increase in our immediate sphere. The Churches that have considered most the claims of the heathen have ever received most largely that which in character and strength God intends should be their own. In self-seeking Christian communities impoverish themselves; in giving forth their life and energy for the world's redemption they find their true enlargement and their best enrichment. A faithful indicator of the real life and power of any Christian Church is found in the measure of its zeal and love for the cause of Christ in foreign lands. If in this respect it be not faithful in "that which is another man's," who shall give to it "that which is its own"?

And as to financial arrangements, let us look at our support of this and kindred institutions in the light of our Lord's teaching in this parable. The call for money to carry on Christ's work in distant fields is one of the tests—and one of the best tests—of our wisdom and fidelity in the use of "that which is another man's." In no other way can we more surely exchange the carnal things of earth into the currency of the heavenly world. Pounds, shillings, and pence will have no currency there—they will have lost their purchasing and commanding power, and will be of no more use than the coin of the realm would be with a savage tribe—but ere we pass hence the treasures of earth may be

exchanged for the true riches, the fleeting things of this world for the enduring wealth of eternity. The mammon of unrighteousness may be so used that at length they shall receive us to the everlasting habitations.

Let us learn habitually to deal with the things of earth in the light of eternity. How soon the reality will burst upon us, and we must lay aside forever the things that are "another man's." Blessed is he who in that all-revealing moment is able to say of earthly possessions, "Let them go, let them go; I never looked upon them as my own, they were ever regarded and used as belonging to another; but out of them I have secured my own, my very own, a portion that is inalienably mine." The everlasting habitations are unfolding, the proofs and fruits of a life of love and sacrifice are being disclosed; the welcome is prepared; they have come already from the East and from the West, from the North and from the South, to receive the faithful steward to the city of his God.—*The Methodist Recorder.*

OUR MASTER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine!

THE EPWORTH LEAGUE—ITS OPPORTUNITIES AND PERILS.

BY E. A. SCHELL, D.D.

THE Epworth League is an organization implying on the part of its members the deepest religious experience and calling for all the Christian activities in which the young people of Methodism may properly engage. Terms, by their very use, limit and circumscribe the ideas they are intended to represent and describe. The name of the young people's society whose opportunities and perils it is here a privilege briefly to discuss is no exception to the rule. The organization is the growth of more than twenty years; the appellation is an apt fancy quickly seized upon as a compromise among diverse names, all in the minds of their proposers expressive of the same idea. If the name seems narrow and denominational it is wholly because one cannot express the growth of twenty years and what is still enlarging in a single term. If its fractional relation to the denominational unit is ill-defined by the words "Epworth League," it is the fault of the term, just as the inability to express one third in decimal form is the fault of our series of notation. The name is but an attempt to picture externally an organization which makes its appeal to the spirit and addresses itself to the hidden seats of character and service.

To have done with the disagreeable part of the subject as soon as possible, let us first consider the perils to which the organization is subjected:

1. There is the danger, common to all organizations, that it will cramp life. To separate a part of the Church and restrict it by a constitution and by-laws is, in the minds of many, like adding a wheel or pulley to already complicated machinery. It may be feared that it will dwarf energy and render some power ineffective. Just as increased friction is inseparable from the thought of a channel to conduct water to a mill-wheel and loss of energy is associated with running an electrical current over the wire of a circuit, so the Church, in maintaining the Epworth League, must take into account the probability of friction and, here and there, of dwarfed powers and unapplied energy. The discriminating mind will at once concede this danger, but will consider it better to liberate a part of the potential energy in a mill-pond by a race than lose it all. Better a diminished electrical energy than no current whatever; so, better the organ-

ization of the Methodist young people as a corps or division in the Church than that they remain unused or be divided up into guerrilla bands, each fighting for its own purposes.

2. More real is the peril that the young people may esteem their organization equal or superior to the Church and become impatient of authority. Insubordination is the common sin of new recruits. It is the special failing of youth on the verge of manhood to esteem lightly the advice of age and experience and become inflamed with the ardour of its own opinions. Every parent, as he bends over the face of his babe in the cradle must face the possibility of a thankless child and of some day having his heart-strings torn by a rebellious or disobedient son. Nature has provided the surest guarantee against this in parental and filial affection; and the Methodist Church is protected in the same way. The members of the Epworth League are her children. They were cradled in her arms and protected by her love; and better a thousand times the filial affection these young people feel than outside admonitions that they should be loyal to their Church.

3. A third source of danger is found in the tendency to rely merely upon numbers. A growing chapter roll is a welcome sight; but so far as that may indicate, the Epworth League is only a mere machine. If the League be not a living, glowing organism in every church, with power to communicate spiritual and intellectual life, and be not attended by transformations both in character and opinion, it were better abolished. The only conclusive evidence that the League is a living, spiritual organism must be the communication of its life to others; and the test of its usefulness and permanency will not be the increase or decrease of the chapter roll, but the sum total of enlargement and quickening brought to individuals and churches in the wide circle of Methodism.

The indifference of some pastors and the consequent estrangement of their young people; the drawing of a line of demarcation between the older and younger members of the Church; a lessened attendance at the regular midweek prayer-meeting, occasioned by the establishment of a young people's prayer-meeting; the frittering away of energy in a mere hurrah; narrowness and exclusiveness—these are all additional and real perils, but the less dangerous because of the warnings continually uttered against them.

By its numbers, spirit, and religious inheritance the Epworth League is fitted for great enterprises. There are, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, eighty chapters which average over four hun-

dred members each; there are five hundred with an average of three hundred members each, the eleven thousand two hundred chapters having at a very conservative estimate sixty each. In addition there are two thousand Junior Leagues, with an average membership of forty each. The whole forms a glorious company of youth and young manhood seven hundred and fifty thousand strong, young, and therefore near to those celestial fountains of existence whence inspiration floods the heart and hope illumines the brain—youth, like the morning, clear, fresh, radiant, the dewdrops on its grasses and leaves transfigured by the rising sun into diamonds; a large segment of a great Church, with five generations of Christian ancestry behind them, dedicated to Christ from their birth hour, and, therefore, the very chivalry of Methodism. Opportunities are all about them.

The Church has a right to expect great things from the League.

1. The revival opportunity must claim precedence over all. Methodism has always been a Church of revivals. You can trace all over the country the preachers who organized the Methodist Church at the Christmas Conference by the revival fires they kindled. Everywhere they heralded both God's love and the judgment; and, under the might of the Holy Spirit which breathed through their lips, men fell before them convicted of sin and rose up justified. These preachers exercised every form of ministerial office. They were at the same time apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers and evangelists. The people co-operated with them. So it must continue to the end. No church order can legitimately interfere with the exercise of any ministerial duty. The preacher dare neglect neither his executive nor his evangelistic function. Nor may the people abdicate the privilege and duty of co-operation with their pastor by employing someone in their stead. That the pastor act as an evangelist and the people co-operate with him is a condition absolutely essential to a revival. What blessedness would come to the Church were the revival conditions prevailing everywhere! There is no sure remedy for indifference, formalism, and legalism save the revival. Yearning for souls is the secret of all pulpit success. It gives the power to utter words of beauty which touch the heart and the inexpressible charm which wins the fancy of open-minded hearers.

The other element, co-operation on the part of the congregation, it is the glorious opportunity of the Epworth League to furnish. It holds potentially within itself songs which sweeten and soften, the visitation so necessary, the testimonies which thrill and burn, and the prayers which smite through the soul and move to

penitence. Its members, fresh from the altars where they found Jesus and caught whispers of His forgiving love, constitute the spiritual aristocracy of mankind. Their youth is their strength. They have the power of doing. Their intelligence and widening experience are conjoined with force. The joyous fulness of their youth magnetizes. Their vivid insight discerns the only path of duty amid a thousand diverging ways. Their nearness to God, their purity of heart, which mirrors forth the beauty of their Lord, and their hopeful purpose point to them as co-partners in a revival which shall shake to its foundations the kingdom of darkness. The significance of organization can have no better illustration than in this revival opportunity. Revivals in detached communities lose much of their force because of the narrow bounds in which they are felt. Revivals, like prohibition, should be by States or nations. This organization has the opportunity of kindling a revival in thousands of detached communities and of bringing them so close to one another that they will flow together, coalesce, and stir the nation to its religious awakening.

2. There is plainly an opportunity of attaching many more loyally to Methodism. To some this will scarcely seem to rise to the height of a great opportunity. Those, however, who know well the spirit of the Church, the minuteness and flexibility of its organization, its simplicity, the broad charity of its theology, its high-toned morality, and its rapid extension will recognize the importance of the opportunity. "Methodism," says Luke Tyerman, "is the greatest fact in the history of the Church of Christ." At any rate, it was an innovation on all previous reforms in the Church. It broke with the customs of the times in two particulars: it opposed the tendency of most religionists to assert the majesty of God at the expense of His love; and it advocated the emancipation of conscience from the burden of legalism. These positions it has maintained ever since. Either would have made it deservedly conspicuous in religious progress; both conjoined make the movement epochal.

Methodism, like Christianity in general, proposes no easy service. In recent years there has been a tendency to drift away from the Church, some being won by the less serious tone and others by the more rigid social exclusiveness found elsewhere. The Epworth League has made this outward current thoughtful by setting before its members the highest New Testament standard of experience and life. This standard is in direct opposition to social exclusiveness, and directs the path of conduct midway between asceticism and license. In addition,

the Epworth League has furnished for itself a means for social intercourse and a channel for the courtesies and amenities which so beautify life. It has also enlarged the knowledge of the history, doctrines, and present work of the great Church of which it forms a part. To know Methodism is to love it; and the very name and department work of the Epworth League bind its members more closely to the Church. A lessened drifting away from the Church is already noticed; and if it remain true to its high standard the Epworth League will prove a magnetic pole toward which the thoughtful, charitable, strong natures of the next decade will gravitate.

3. The educational opportunity. The opportunity is unparalleled for increasing general intelligence by general reading, thereby inspiring our youth to seek a higher education and promoting Bible study. With all our appliances education is a difficult matter and the average of intelligence extremely low. Even with common schools, Sunday-schools, sermons, lectures, books, and daily papers in almost endless editions the work is imperfectly done. "Give me a fulcrum," said Archimedes, "and I will lift the world." But where is the lever long enough or the fulcrum stout enough on which to lift the whole generation intellectually? It is a hard task to interpenetrate a whole mass with a single idea; how much more to mellow and ripen the thought of an age by idea after idea, as ray by ray the sun mellows and ripens an apple! To an educator any company of people, however small, affords a chance for diffusing intelligence.

What an unparalleled educational opportunity, then, is here presented in this company of seven hundred and fifty thousand compacted and loyal Methodists, waiting to be directed and led! Here is a gateway to the brain kingdom and an avenue to the seats of imperial intelligence. It is all-important to the Church not only to guard these approaches, a sleepless sentinel against impure literature, but also to utilize them for the commerce of Christian ideas. Suppose that this entire membership of the Epworth League, having a taste for good reading, could next year be added to the class and prayer-meetings, the social gatherings, and the Sunday-schools of the Methodist Episcopal Church. They would bring a revival worth having. With good reading comes an enlarged vocabulary and the power of expression; therefore interesting and stimulating recitals of Christian experience would follow. There would be an end at once to much of the vapid nonsense which passes for "testimony." The Sunday-schools would be full of intelligent teachers. The

prayer service would be a "holy waiting," rather than a caricature upon the "social means of grace" which in some places passes for a prayer-meeting. The social life of the Church would be strangely modified. These new members of the Church, with their taste for good reading, would have no social limitations upon them. You could not exhaust their conversational possibilities in a brief chat, nor satisfy their wholesome tastes with anything less than real wit and entertainment. Some new poem whose measure pleased, an article in a late magazine, or an old book which helped to form the taste or direct thought or educate to critical acumen would be the sure basis of a charming conversation. With such young people clownish pageants and full-dress gymnastics would not pass for amusements. There would result a practical and glorious revolution.

The Epworth League can and should be used to persuade fifty thousand additional Methodist young people to attend our Methodist colleges in the next five years. This opportunity is altogether distinct from that before the Chautauqua movement. The latter comes with its ameliorating culture to a great host who could not go to college; but here is an agency with which to bring the neighbouring college within the field of vision of every young member of the Church. Before the fires of youth are burned out, while the heart is still saying, "I will find a way or make one," the value of a college training, the ease with which it can be obtained, and the institutions where the college course can be most advantageously pursued should all be pointed out and dwelt upon. The alumni of our various colleges have no fairer field for rendering genuine assistance to their *alma maters* than in recommending persistently and enthusiastically the colleges of their love to the district conventions of the Epworth League. The Epworth League and the Methodist college have a common aim—that of promoting intelligent and vital piety. The time is fast coming when there will be an Epworth League college day in every State, and when the spiritual department of the Epworth League will be the peculiar form of religious organization in every Methodist college.

There is nothing to hinder the Epworth League from becoming a great school where the Bible shall be studied, not by fugitive passages, but connectedly, inductively, and reverently. The Epworth League conventions on many districts are already great training classes for Bible workers; and no field for projecting new methods in Bible study is more inviting. Here is an opportunity to direct a whole generation of a great Church. It is to be hoped that they may come to the Bible rejecting all

traditional interpretation and read it for themselves. It is their right so to do. This opportunity is prophetic of great changes. It will clear away much theological *débris*. Faith will then become an actual entrance into fellowship with the life of Christ; the atonement, a sure motive for oneness with Christ, instead of a legal mystery outside of human use; the Gospel, always good news; conversion, a process of repenting, turning, pardon, and enlargement; sanctification, a life of sacrifice, with a consecration that is renewed every hour.

4. The social crisis presents even a greater opportunity. The requirements of Christianity will soon well-nigh reverse the whole order of Church procedure. The old methods have been wonderfully successful, are still so in many places, and are not in discredit anywhere. Neither are those who employ them. But the Church must adjust itself to new conditions. Only pleasure boats use the old methods of sail and oar propulsion. Commerce has betaken itself to the screw steamer. With or without the consent of the Church emphasis has been transferred from theology to sociology, from the first great commandment to the second, which is "like unto it." Coincident with the decay of what is called doctrinal preaching has come the international agitation of labour questions, a growing consciousness of oppression and wrong among the masses, and a threatening restlessness occassioned by it. The inevitable alienation of classes in our great manufacturing centres, the extortions of the strong, the greed of landlords, the horrors of tenement houses, imperfect sanitation, polluted water supplies, inequalities of police administration, legalized dram shops, poverty, and vice have made "our neighbour," and not God alone, the theme of the pulpit.

The Church is saying less and less about mercy and charity every year, and beginning to direct its thunders more against injustice. Hitherto it has devoted itself almost exclusively to the ranks of intelligence, culture, and orderly society. It has brought in its own children, baptized them, and won those whom easy love has suggested. Henceforth its efforts must be devoted to the outcast and to those who daily pay the penalty of their sin. It must discern in the publicans and sinners—"that outer fringe of society that has fallen away from its true order and is dragged along, a shame and a clog, hated and hating, redeemable by no force it knows"—the special field of Christly service. The great churches which the new generation is to build will not be located in the elegant suburbs, but in the down-town sections. There the Church must undertake and

provide hospitals, medical dispensaries, kindergartens, night-schools, employment bureaus, reading-rooms, gymnasia, bath-rooms, Chinese schools—every form of applied Christianity. And this the Church must do, not to protect itself in its luxurious appointments from undesirable members, but to save itself from dissolution. It must be influenced by that tender and melting and most persuasive of all arguments—"for Jesus' sake."

Is it not then a providence that the Methodist Church has at this juncture a whole generation of young people organized and obedient? In the whole history of the Christian Church there can be found no greater opportunity than that before the Epworth League—the opportunity to lead the Methodist Church, born in the streets of London and in the highways and hedges of old England, back to the masses from whom it is now slowly becoming alienated, that it may resume its leadership over that mighty throng who yearn in their misery for a Redeemer, and whose sin renders the statement of the doctrine of depravity unnecessary. These opportunities improved will be sufficient reason for the existence of the Epworth League.—*Methodist Review.*

ACROSTIC.

BY THE REV. G. O. HUESTIS.

Teeming and sparkling with thoughts that are living,
Harnessing forces to elevate mind;
Everywhere treasures to truth-seekers giving;

Moving the veil from intellects blind.
Excellence fostering, character moulding,
Tincturing the soul with cosmetic art;
Home-life ennobling, its blessings unfolding,
Odours refreshing, thy pages impart.
Delving in mines where rich treasures are hidden,
Interrogating to ascertain truth;
Stopping in thought this side the forbidden,
Tracing sin's methods to capture our youth.

Meddling with knowledge, its limit exploring,
Artfully turning it all to account;
Grasping, and holding, where faith has a mooring,
Asking and drinking from Heaven's pure fount.
Zeal intertwined with pure love, and devotion,
Inward and outward, in comeliness dress,
Never backslide, but from ocean to ocean,
Everywhere travels, the people to bless.

Aylesford, N. S.

CLASS-MEETINGS AND HOW TO IMPROVE THEM.

BY THE REV. ADFRED ROEBUCK, B.D., F.R.G.S.

THE idea embodied in the Methodist Class-meeting, though not the name, is found again and again in the New Testament. And even if it were of human origin only, surely an object so laudable as that aimed at in weekly fellowship, and bearing the seal of God's blessing, as this ordinance undoubtedly does, cannot but be in harmony with the spirit and aim of Jesus Christ. It secures for individual members education in practical Christianity, and development in Christian experience cannot but be sanctioned by "the Master of assemblies."

The Class-meeting was the outcome of a felt necessity in the early history of our Church, and was intended as auxiliary to the pastoral oversight of the Societies. The Leaders were looked upon as sub-pastors, and were expected to report special cases of lukewarmness, difficulty, or sickness to the minister, who through them was thus brought into instant touch with those who needed him most.

No one asserts that there can be no fellowship except in the Methodist Class-meeting; but we may as confidently declare there is no institution where the ideal is better realized than within our own communion, in this, one of our specific gatherings. Other Churches have coveted it, and not a few isolated ones have borne their testimony to its utility by imitation.

It will be well to consider the subject under two aspects: the man, and his methods.

I. *The Man.*—The Leader must not rely upon his social status or his intellectual qualifications, useful as they are in conjunction with essentials. The office will not sanctify the man nor efficiently cover his defects. He must be above everything else "a man of God," quick to know "what Israel ought to do." The knowledge of other hearts must come chiefly by self-examination; for each man is the key to all. To know ourselves is to have gained a good understanding of others. Take, for instance the doctrines of repentance, faith, sanctification, the witness of the Spirit. These must be understood in some better way than by a definition; but if the explanations thrill with the glow of personal experience, as they will if they express stages of one's own growth in grace, then they will be "with power and with the Holy Ghost," or if the force and insidious arts of temptation are referred to, the specious and dangerous forms of doubt, what

counsel comes so forcibly to a distressed and doubting soul as that which falls from the lips of one who, ransacking the well-remembered diary of his own heart, can speak of victories in similar crises and dangers? If the Leader's self-knowledge is insufficient to meet the multiform experiences, the deficency may be supplied by the studies of the best biographies of good men and women, and, of course, by the careful and prayerful study of the Holy Scriptures.

Behind the Leader must be the sincere Christian, whose counsel corresponds with his conduct, whose practice illuminates and enforces his precepts, and whose strength springs out of a heart of purity. The poorest member should be made to feel equally welcome with the richest, and have equal courtesy shown him in the street as in the class-room. The man who has power with God will have most power with man; his success may not attract the public eye, but it will be seen and felt when every popular windbag has collapsed.

Some Leaders, through constant failure, are evidently not intended for the duty. The officers of a church ought not to be swayed by sentiment when souls are at stake; the law of fitness should rule in the realm of religion, as in every other department of life. The duty of every Leader who cannot succeed in getting or keeping a class, after fair and full trial, is to resign.

We are in these days so afraid of being thought superstitious, that we are in danger of the opposite extreme, of lacking reverence and solemnity. If the Leader is to be what his name implies, then he must be at least a step in advance of his members, if not in intellect, in holiness. He can only lead, in so far as he himself has plodded forward in explorations of the "green pastures." The true Moses is the man who knows how to strike the veins of truth where the finest gold is and the deepest "wells of salvation"; who knows the plentiful, common-looking white coriander seeds lying all around the desert path, and tells the hungry pilgrim it is *manna*. Such a Leader seldom lacks a following.

The chief essentials, then, in a Leader are knowledge of God's Word, acquaintance with human experience, a love of private prayer, and tender strength. If life is a constant vision of God, as Elijah's was and Paul's, then the requisite courage, tact, and skill will be present, so as to warn without harshness, avoiding on the one hand coldness, and weakness on the other.

II. *Methods.*—No stereotyped rule should be permitted to fetter or make impossible holy originality in this or any other department of Christian work. There is no reason why a Class should be conducted according to any set plan or formal routine, where

questions are never varied and often the answers are as monotonous. You know exactly what certain members will say, and the danger is lest any young convert should imitate the same type of dulness. How to remedy this defect is of supreme importance.

1. Our first suggestion is trite, but worthy of iteration, *Begin and close punctually.*

2. Strike a bright keynote in the opening hymn, and endeavour to keep the meeting up to heavenly concert-pitch throughout.

3. Let the weekly meetings be regarded as home-reunions, where gladness prevails.

4. Give the Word of God a premier place in each gathering; better men say less and God more, than that we should fail to hallow them with prayer and the Word of Truth.

5. It would be well for classes, meeting on the same night, to join together, say, once in six weeks or quarterly, for united prayer, that the members may never forget that they are part of a great whole.

6. Now and again they might be invited to meet one another in a social way. If the Leader is unable to afford the expense so incurred, perhaps one or two, or more, members could be encouraged to take the responsibility in turns as often as thought desirable.

7. Again, the Leader should aim at the training of members for the office of Leader. The work could be accomplished by a graduated method; first, the powers of each so willing to co-operate could be tested by asking the most promising to lead the opening devotions of the meeting; others more advanced could be asked to suggest what line of counsel came into their own mind as most suitable to the cases of a few who had borne their testimony, or even might be asked to take the whole conduct of that part of the meeting. Thus all would be done under the eye of the Leader, who could supply helps and hints privately. The Church would not lack suitable Leaders then; they would be ready, trained and equipped.

8. Endeavour to create an *esprit de corps* in the Class, and encourage members to feel their individual responsibility. I have long thought that each Class should have its inner visiting committee, whose duty it should be to supplement the work of the regular Leader in visiting the absentees or the sick. Hundreds of members are well pleased to enjoy the benefits of the Class-meeting, but do nothing to increase its interest, or usefulness, or success. They should be led to speak of "our Class," thereby sharing the responsibility as well as the pleasure.

9. Nothing will tend to the revival of a Class, or rouse its noblest sentiments like the presence of, in the virile parlance of Scripture and of early Methodism, "a penitent inquirer." Class-meetings are for all who "desire to flee from the wrath to come." How frequently have burdened souls been brought to this means of grace, and light has shone upon them, and peace with God has come—the peace of God, and glad doxologies rang out from the enraptured company of believers! Scenes like these are, alas! too few. Members should be urged importunately to be on the watch for such cases and encouraged to bring them; or if unsuccessful in their efforts, requests for special prayer might be presented, when the whole Class, with quickened sympathies and broadened horizon, might taste the sympathy of Christ, and pray for definite blessings upon definite people or neighbourhoods.

10. Finance. By many Leaders this part of the service is deferred until after the benediction has been pronounced, thus banishing the taking of the weekly contributions outside, as if a secular as distinguished from a sacred duty. But surely this is to create a false impression on the minds of the members, for the gifts should be regarded as part of the religious exercises, and being cheerfully presented should be sanctified with prayer.

The Class-meeting may not be a perfect system in practice, but with all its imperfections it is a wise, beneficent, and good system; it must be ours to talk it up, not to talk it down, to improve and make as efficient and useful as our consecrated talents can make it. To the Leaders we would say, "Neglect not the gift that is in thee"; and to the Methodist Church, "Destroy it not, for a blessing is in it."—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

THE SWEETEST LIVES.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close knit strands of an unbroken thread
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells,
The Book of Life the shining record tells.

Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes
After its own life-working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.

—*Mrs. Browning.*

LIGHT IN DARK PLACES.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

MISSIONARY GIBBUD'S STORY.

A STALE-BEER DIVE ON MULBERRY STREET BY DAY.

I HAD been holding meetings in a small room in the midst of the slums of Baxter Street, going out into the alleys, saloons, and dives of the neighbourhood, and literally compelling the people to come in. I made frequent visits after dark to "Hell Gate," "Chain and Locker," and "Bottle Alley," resorts for sailors and low characters, and invited them to the meeting. The proprietors, though in a bad business, generally treated me with courtesy, though I sometimes succeeded in taking nearly all their customers away.

One summer night I started out to gather in my audience. The streets were full. Men, women and children, of "all nations, kindred and tongues," lined the sidewalks, sat on the doorsteps, or stood in the middle of the street talking. Almost every store was a clothing establishment kept by an Israelite. On the sidewalk, and in front of stores, lines of clothing, new and second-hand, were arranged for sale, while father, mother, sons, and daughters urged upon the passer-by the merits of the goods. Should anyone by chance cast his eye upon a suit of clothes, he would be seized and carried by main force into the store, and urged to "oxamine dose goods, mine frent. Ve vill gif you a

pargain. Dis is der original and only Cohen—der sheepest blace on Baxter Avenue." A "mud-gutter" band in front of one of the dance-halls was making discordant music, while children of all ages, from the babe just out of the mother's arms to the young girl in her teens, jostled each other in a rude attempt at dancing. Crowding my way through, I entered a saloon. The place was filled with the fumes of rum and tobacco, the ceiling was low and dingy, the floor waxed for dancing. At one end of the room was an orchestra, including a bass-viol with a bad cold, a fiddle with three strings, and a wheezy accordion; at the other end was a bar, to which, after each dance, the floor-manager invited the dancers to "walk up and treat your pardners, gentlemen." White and black mingled indiscriminately in the dance.

On the benches poor creatures were stretched, with swollen eyes and cut faces, some of them beaten almost to a jelly. One of them, as we looked, rose up suddenly, a woman with dishevelled gray locks and mad, wild face.

"Sing! sing!" she wildly screamed. "Sing, 'Where is my wandering boy to-night,'" she cried again. Instead the missionary sang,—

"Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
Come to Christ, and know in coming
He will give thee rest."

"More! More!" called the crowd, and the shrill voice of the gray-haired woman rose above the rest. To satisfy the crazy mother the missionary sang in rich and melodious voice,—

"Where is my wandering boy to-night,
The boy of my tenderest care,
The boy that was once my joy and light,
The child of my love and prayer?

. . . . .

"Go, find my wandering boy to-night;
Go, search for him where you will,
But bring him to me with all his blight,
And tell him I love him still."

Silence reigned. One by one the noisy inmates had settled down, and when the last line was sung scarce a whisper was heard. A man crawled out from under the benches, and sat on the floor, looking up through tears. A woman who had lain in the fireplace, her hair filled with ashes, burst into sobs,—maudlin tears, perhaps, but sometimes they mean repentance.

After a word with the proprietor, I began to invite the people to the meeting. One young mulatto girl, in answer to my invitation, said,—

"Me go to meetin'; wal I guess you dunno who you's invitin'. Why I'se a sinner, I is; you don' want no such as I is; I ain't good nuf to go to no meetin'."

"Oh yes, you are; Christ came to save sinners, however bad. He comes for the lost."

"Wal, if He comes for de lost, I'se de child He comed for, cause I'se lost shuah. Guess I'll be over bime-bye."

Next a sailor drew back in amazement at being invited in such a place to a gospel-meeting, and could scarcely believe that I was in earnest.

"Look here, shipmate," he said, "I hain't been to no chapel in twenty-five years,—not since I left home and went afore the mast. I was brought up as good as the next one, and used to go to Sunday-school and church; but I got to readin' novels and papers full of excitin' stories, and swung off from home for romance, but I got reality, I kin tell you."

We talked of home and mother; soon the tears ran down his bronzed cheeks, and he said, "Heave ahead; I'll go for old times' sake, if you don't think the walls will fall on me." So, one by one, I induced them to leave and cross over to the meeting.

I had just come out of the place named "Hell Gate" when I saw a partially intoxicated woman supporting herself against a lamp-post, and near by stood a burly negro. The woman was tall and thin, and it was plain even then that consumption was doing its fatal work. She had no hat, no shoes; a dirty calico dress was all the clothing she had on. Her hair was matted and tangled, her face bruised and swollen; both eyes were blackened by the fist of her huge negro companion, who held her as his slave and had beaten her because she had not brought him as much money as he wanted. I invited her to the meeting and passed on. Near the close of the service she came in; with tearful eyes she listened to the story of Jesus, and was one of the first to request prayers. After the meeting she expressed a desire for a better life, but she had no place to go, save to the dens of infamy from which she came. I decided at once to take her to the Florence Night Mission, and, accompanied by a friend who had assisted me in the meeting, we started.

We were going toward the horse-cars, and congratulating ourselves that we had gotten away unobserved, when we were confronted by the very negro from whom we sought to escape. With an oath he demanded,

"Whar you folks takin' dat gal to?"

It was a fearful moment, near midnight, a dark street, and not a soul in sight. I expected every moment that he would strike me. I was no match for him. Signalling my friend to go on with the girl, and taking the negro by the coat, I said excitedly,

"I am taking her to a Christian home—to a better life. If ever you prayed for anyone, pray for her; I know you are a bad man, but you ought to be glad to help any woman away from this place. So pray for her as you have never prayed before."

All this time my friend and the woman were going down the street as fast as possible. I had talked so fast that the negro did not have a chance to say a word, and before he could recover from his astonishment I ran on. He did not attempt to follow.

Four cars were hailed before one would let us on. The drivers would slacken up, but, seeing the woman's condition, would whip up their horses and drive on. Finally, when the next driver slackened, we lifted our frail burden to the platform before he could prevent us.

Arriving at the Mission, we helped her up the steps and rang the bell; she turned to me and said, "You will be proud of me some day." I smiled then, as I thought the chances of being proud of her were slim, but how many times since, when vast audiences have been moved to tears by the pathos of her story, or spellbound by her eloquence, have I indeed been proud of her.

She was admitted to the house, giving the assumed name of Nellie Conroy. For nine years she had lived in Baxter Street slums, becoming a victim to all the vices that attend a dissipated life, until at last she became an utter wreck. Everything was done for her at the Mission, and in time permanent employment was found.

Some time after, word reached the Mission that Nellie had left her place and gone back to her old haunts in Baxter Street. A card with the address of "The Florence" was left at one of her resorts, and the whole matter was forgotten, until late one night the doorbell of the Mission rooms softly rang, and the poor wretched object admitted proved to be Nellie. At the meeting the next night she was the first to come forward. When asked to pray, she lifted her pale face to heaven, and quoted, with tearful pathos, that beautiful hymn:

> "The mistakes of my life have been many
> The sins of my heart have been more;
> And I scarce can see for weeping,
> But I'll knock at the open door."

Then followed a touching prayer, a humble confession of sin, an earnest pleading for pardon, a quiet acceptance of Christ by faith, a tearful thanksgiving for knowledge of sins forgiven.

Her life from that time until her death—nearly two years later—was that of a faithful Christian. She gave satisfaction to her employers; she was blessed of God in her testimony at the Mission, and soon she was sought after by churches, temperance societies, and missions to tell what great things the Lord had done for her. She spoke to a large assemblage of nearly three thousand people in the Cooper Union, New York, holding the audience spellbound with her pathetic story. She possessed a wonderful gift of language and great natural wit, that, combined with her thrilling story, made her a most interesting and entertaining speaker. She was uneducated, but she had a remarkable memory; she soon became familiar with the Bible, and many were won to Christ through her testimony. Her pale face would become flushed with a hectic glow as she spoke of the wonderful things God had done for her.

"Glory be to His great name!" she would say; "it was no common blood that washed Nellie Conroy from her sins, and no

common power that reached down and took her from the slums of Baxter Street after nine years of sin and dissipation. It was nothing but the precious blood of Jesus that saved me. Where are my companions who started down life's stream with me, young, fresh and happy? We started out to gather the roses of life, but found only thorns. Many of them to-day sleep in nameless and dishonoured graves in the Potter's Field, and their souls—oh! where are they?—while I am spared redeemed!"

Her life was indeed a changed one; from idleness, filth, drunkenness, and sin, she was transformed into a neat, industrious, sober, godly woman. But sin had sown its seed and she must reap the harvest; she grew weaker until at last she went to the hospital to linger for months in great suffering and pain, borne with Christian resignation. Her constant testimony was—

"The love He has kindled within me
Makes service or suffering sweet."

One day a visitor said, "Nellie, you are nearing the river." "Yes," she said, "I have already stepped in, but God's word says, 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.' The promise is true; I am dry shod."

At the last she could scarcely speak; she knew her end was near, and when the 14th chapter of St. John's gospel was read to her she said, "My mansion is there, the Comforter is here; the promise is fulfilled. Sing at my funeral, "I am going home to die no more."

Summoned to her bedside, the nurse bent down to hear her faintly whisper, "Jesus, precious Jesus." These were her last words; her face lit up as she seemed to catch a glimpse of the better land, and with the name of Jesus on her lips the spirit of the once poor, despised Magdalene took its flight to the bright mansions of whose possessions she had been so sure.

At her funeral many Christian workers and friends gathered to do honour to her remains. Many converts from the slums who had been won to Christ by her testimony were among the mourners, and not a few came to look on that pale face who still lived in sin and shame, but who sincerely loved one who had so often entreated them to turn and live.

On the coffin-plate was engraved:

E—— M——

Aged 29 years,

Died March 16th, 1885.

The cities and towns of almost every State find representatives in this throng of wanderers, and each one means a heartbreak for someone at home. The work of the Florence Mission is typical. It is simply a variation in the form of this work that

goes on at the sister Mission on Greene Street, where much the same methods are used. Without the freedom attached to both, successful work would be impossible in this special field. There are many Homes and reformatories where a certain amount of force enters in, but none do just the work of these two. They labour for women, but in the evening meetings at the Florence Mission men are admitted, and the rules of the institution are much the same as those governing the Water Street Mission. Like that, also, one hears every form of testimony, pathetic, solemn, or grotesque as it may happen, but all with the same spirit of earnestness. Let an Irish brother, whose voice still lingers in my memory, and who had tried all depths of sin, have the last word from the Florence Night Mission.

"A word on this whiskey, me friends. I heerd a man say whiskey was right enough in its place, which place is hell, says I. It brought me down to hell's dure, an' I well know what it's loike. For twinty-four years I was a tramp; a dirty spalpeen of a tramp. The brother forninst me there said God found him in his hotel. 'Twasn't in nary a hotel nor lodgin'-house, nor yet a flat, the Lord found me in, but in the gutther, for I'd never a roof to me head. I came in here cold, hungry, an' wet, an' stood by the sthove to dhry meself, an' I heerd yees all tellin' an' tellin', an' I begun to pray meself thin. I prayed God to help me, an' He did. I was talkin' to a naygur outside, an' he said to me, says he, 'I was an Irishman like yerself in the ould counthry, but I got black whin I come to Americy.' Ye can laugh all ye loike, but I tell yees me heart was as black as that nagyur whin I come in here, but it's white now in the blood o' the Lamb. There's hope for every wan o' yees if there was a ghost o' chance for me, an' you'd betther belave it."

AFTER THE STORM.

All night, in the pauses of sleep, I heard
The moan of the snow-wind and the sea
Like the wail of thy sorrowing children, O God!
Who cry unto Thee.

But in beauty and silence the morning broke;
O'erflowing creation the glad light streamed:
And earth stood shining and white as the souls
Of the blessed redeemed.

O glorious marvel! in darkness wrought!
With smiles of promise the blue sky bent,
As if to whisper to all who mourned,
Love's hidden intent.

SPINDLES AND OARS.

BY ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH.

CHAPTER VII.—HOW ROBBIE BECAME A POET.

MANY a time I've heard it said that the poet is born, not made; but when I mind of Robbie Christie I am fain to wrestle with the saying.

To be sure, Geordie Mackay said that Robbie was a poet on the day—a laddie not yet breeched—he telled his mither that he heard the lark sing 'The sky, the sky, the sky,' as it mounted up from the field on the brae.

But surely gin he had been born a poet he would have been making bits of rhymes like Geordie, and printing them in the *Skyrle Echo* for the other poets to make light of.

No, no; it was Nannie's love that made Robbie a poet. Had he been born one, he would have showed it in his face and no fleiged all the bairns with his uncanny looks, and his shoulder rising above his lug. Though that last was no his blame, but owing to a fall when he was a wean.

He was a lad I aye liked, and I couldna thole to see his white face, and the look in his eyes that were aye hungry and praying for what he hadna gotten.

And it was little he had; for, after his mither died, he lived with ne'er a creature to love, and no woman to fend for him, though half his days were a long battle with the pain the doctors couldna cure.

But, however, he never seemed to weary, although he was dowie-like; but, when he couldna work, he would sit the long day through watching the sunbeams creep about the trees, or flash on the waves by the shore.

And always on his face would be a strange light, and he would seem to listen to a voice that none else could hear, and see sights that were hid from the folk about him.

And Geordie said it was because he was a poet; though I aye telled him had he been a poet, he wouldna have been silent, wanting the words to cleed his thoughts; for what is a poet but a man who can make a rhyme that the papers will print?

I had never any patience with Geordie's idea that the poet is one who kens the invisible meaning of visible things. And often he angered me, saying the poet sees the meadows of space a-blossom with stars, and finds a solar system in every cluster of gowans on the brae-side; with such-like upside-down talk.

But though I couldna be fashed with Geordie's wild sayings, it pleased me greatly when he began to notice Robbie; and one day the thing began that made him a poet.

He and Geordie had been having a turn on the cliffs, and they stood cracking outside the door of Widdy Mackay's house in the Abbey Nook. All on the sudden the sneck started, and the door swung backward, showing the kitchen.

It was the gloaming, when the lights are dim inside and out, and Robbie had never had a sight of a bonnier picture than the open door showed him then.

The fire was bright in the range, and the flames danced on the walls and on the shining lids hanging over the mantel. The bricks had been newly raddled; and on the wool-rug before the fire a cat sat purring loud enough to quieten the kettle on the hob.

The brass fender was like gold, and ilka thing in the room looked as gin it was fresh from the hands of the maker. In the corner, near the window, was a chair bed, on which Mrs. Mackay was propped, her patient hands idle on her lap. Puir body, she hadna moved a finger for many a year. There was a white cloth on the table, and some blue cups and saucers, and a plate of bannocks that Nannie had fired that forenoon.

And the lassie herself stood on the far side of her mither; and all about her the flames danced, showing her steady eyes and her soft hair.

And, seeing all this, a great hunger rose in Robbie's heart for the home life he hadna kenned. But ere the longing had time to make itself into a thought, Geordie had got a hold of his arm and had led him ben the hoose.

Hearing the falling of their feet, the lassie came forward, and welcomed him kindly, and took his bonnet, and bade him sit in the big chair in the ingle and warm himself while she infused the tea.

She was but a poor creature herself—with delicate health, and waiting on her mother—and it was, maybe, this that made her take to Robbie when most lassies flouted him.

Since his mither's death he had kenned nothing of a woman's soft ways; and her kindness was such a delight and a wonder to him, that he didna mind of being bashful, but sat watching her with a colour on his face and his eyes shining.

He had his tea with them, and then Nannie askit him gin he had a fondness for music. And when he answered her that the only music he had ever hearkened to, beside the singing in the kirk, was the wind sighing through the corn-stalks, and the sound of voices in the sea's moan, she gazed at him pitiful like.

"You will tak weel wi' Geordie's piano," said she, "and I hope you will no object to my fiddle."

There was a quaint-like old piano in the corner, and Geordie opened it, and presently they began to play, the lassie's fiddle following her brother's music like a voice. Robbie had never hearkened to siccan playing before, and the cry of the violin went to his heart as gin it sought to tear some secret thing from it.

He kenned there was something there that would fain have answered to the cry, but he couldna find speech for it; and he sat with his eyes burning, feeling that his heart must burst gin it couldna find utterance.

He strove and wrestled with the feeling in the same way he had struggled before when he had tried to tell Geordie the secrets he heard in the woods, and the mysteries he learnt from the waves on the shore.

But the words wouldna come, and at last he laid his head down on the table, and grat like a bairn, for the heart-hunger that couldna find a voice.

And after that, ilka night he won to the house in the Abbey Nook, and prayed Nannie to reach down her fiddle and play for him. And since music was the lassie's life, she was but too happy

ROBBIE HAD NEVER HEARKENED TO SICCAN PLAYING BEFORE.

to please him; and the violin spoke to his heart, till the time came when he could answer. One night—a shy, proud laddie—he slipped a bit of paper into Nannie's hand, and then sat him down, trembling greatly while the lassie read the verses he had penned.

After a bittie she looked up with a rare smile on her face.

"Robbie, lad, oh, but you're a poet!"

"Na, na," he said, humble-like, "I'm no that. If I could find the words for the bits of thochts. . . But they dinna come, an' I'm dumb juist."

"But, Robbie, this is real bonnie. And it makes me see the lighthouse as gin I was on the brae gazing ower the sea to it wi' the haze saft on it, an' the white gleamin' o' the stanes. Bide till the noo, and let me read it up for you."

And these were the words Nannie read—

"Far from the shore as a landman's voyage,
Four-walled round with the four winds' flight,
White were it day as a dove's soft plumage,
A tower uprises, sheer of height.
Strong where is strength from its broad base shaken;
One lurid lamp o'er a moonless track;
Red were it night, and the wild waves waken
Grim wrecker-reefs to their feast of wrack.
Yet white were it day, or red were it night,—
And white lips close round a swift-thought prayer,
From two men's hearts 'neath the lamp's red flare,—
Plumed for the flight it hath never yet flown,
From the homes and the hearts of a sea-girt town,
A tower uprises, sheer of height."*

"It's beautiful!" said Nannie. "When the sun strikes the white tower, it's like what you call it, "a dove's soft plumage." An' when the nicht fa's, then you mind but of the red licht ower the watter. An' the Bell Licht is set in oor hearts as it is in the hame o' ilka body i' Skyrle. Robbie, it's beautiful!"

The laddie sat blushing and twisting his hands thegither, too happy to have muckle speech on his tongue.

"It's a sonnet," he said, shyly, at last.

"I dinna care what you call it," said she, "but you're a poet, Robbie."

Well, after that, scarcely a day passed but Robbie had something to show Nannie, and having begun to rhyme, it was just a craze with him to turn everything into poetry.

He seemed to have putten on strange spectacles; for he saw meanings in the most ordinary things, and when he showed them to Nannie, it seemed as gin she had aye seen them too, and as gin the meaning was greater then the thing itself. It was just wonderful to see the change in Robbie. He had surely lighted on a new world, and wherever he touched it the life sprang up.

His face grew to be all eyes, and to shine till it was mair uncanny than before, and aye he seemed burning with the fire of his inward life.

The poor deformed body was nothing to him the noo. He didna mind of it; and even his pain opened his eyes to understand the mysteries that had puzzled him.

But while he was feeling his manhood in him, Nannie was fading to a pale shadow.

So soft-like and quiet she was wearing awa' that it was like a snowflake melting, and none of them kenned she was getting frailer and whiter ilka day.

* The verses in this sketch are by Quill, a native of Arbroath, N.B.

Even Robbie didna see it, although she had grown to be the best part of his life.

He was giving her a young lad's unconscious love, and his thwarted soul was weaving its thoughts round her till they hid from him the white, wae lassie that she was.

It was drawing to the fall of the year, and the hairst was waiting for the sickle.

All along the cliff path the fields were yellow; and the trees in Fyston Den had a glint of gold even when the sun didna strike through them.

In the Abbey the leaves were turning; and the chatter of the jackdaws sounded shrill in the silence of the other birds. When the old men sat under the wall at the sunset, they drew their coats round them, and shivered as they cracked of the hairst and the winter coming on.

The grass among the gravestones was dry and parched; and here and there a bare patch on the ground showed where death had been reaping.

The bairns played among the graves, or stood spelling out the names on the stones, till they saw Robbie on the path and stood to watch him.

A year syne they would have mocked at his poor disfigured body and have run away. But a change had passed on his face during the months; and now the bairns didna mind of the crooked back, and saw only the kindly eyes and the face with the light on it.

He was strolling along under the trees, and his thoughts were away in another world, till a wee girlie pulled his coat-tail and laid a rose in his hand.

Robbie smiled down at her, and sat him on a gravestone and called the bairns round him to hear a story. And when he had ended, he bade them finish their play while he watched the sunset.

The tomb on which he had sat himself was one of the oldest in the Abbey yard; and sitting there with the girlie's rose in his hand, his thoughts led him away into the past, and brought to his mind one of the legends of the old Abbey.

It wasna' a ruin to him ony langer, and he could see with his mind's eye the arches upreared, and the corridors stretching away dark and dim into the shadows. He could see the lights on the altar, and the bonnie carvings round the pillars, and the grand embroideries that hung round about.

He could hear the slow, sweet chanting of the monks, and could feel the smell of the incense in the air around him.

Then the music changed to a dirge very still and solemn; and Rob saw that close under the altar a monk was lying in his shroud, and in his hand was a faded rose.

. . . . . .

And at this he started and came back to his senses.

He was still sitting on the stone in the Abbey yard; and his fingers were closed round the flower the girlie had given him.

The bairns were singing as they played, and the clouds in the sky were red and gold.

The old men in the distance were cracking among themselves; and under the Abbey gateway Geordie Mackay was gaen hame fra his work.

Robbie waited till he saw him go towards the house in the Abbey Nook; then he followed him bashful-like, for he was wearying to see Nannie, and had been biding in the yard for his coming. Nannie was whiter than ever; but he noticed no change in her, for she had cheery words for him that night.

Poor lassie, she knew how it was with him; and she kenned the love he had never dare put into words.

She had grown to love him hersel'; but well she knew that nor for him nor for her was the earthly love.

And she had set aside her ain feeling to encourage him with his poetry, thinking that when she was away he would have his verses to comfort him.

She maun hae kenned it was the last time she would see him, for she spoke to him bonnie words of the love that, having God in it, could never pass away in the darkness.

And she bade him be strong and humble, and mind that where God was there was love.

She was soon wearied that night; but ere he went out she would play one of her songs for him.

And the lad listened while, for all she was so weak, her fiddle sang high and clear above the note of Geordie's piano.

But when the song was ended, Robbie got himself up, and laid his rose in her hand, and won out with never a word to them. And that night he wrote another poem, calling it

THE MONK AND THE ROSE.

With just such a light on his face as tips
  The sky's far rim when the last star dips,
He lay there dead—closed eyes, closed lips,
  Yet looking, they thought, so overwise.

And, stranger still for a monk and old,
  In his nerveless hand held closely clasped
Was a withered rose, with what of its gold
  Remained of a summer of roses past.

He had treasured it best of his sacred things,
  Long years, unseen, in his life's day-book;
A far-off summer scent round it clings,
  With the ribbon someone from her fair neck took.

And soft waxed the hearts of these monks grown old
  (O love will lurk under years of snows);
Some thought of the story he never once told;
  And the youngest of all kissed the pitiful rose.

But the rose for a kiss would have nothing to say
  That the dead through life as a vow held dear;
And they might have guessed for a year and a day
  And know no more than is written here.

L'Envoi.

Say, rose, fresh plucked from your niche in the wall,
When death with its gift of sleep dowers all,
For the kiss now given, in the years out-grown,
Be you too dumb as if you never had known.

When Robbie saw Nannie again she was in her coffin, and it seemed to him that death had given him what he daredna have craved from life.

She was his noo; part of all beauty and all peace, and the life that made up to him for his misshapen body.

He saw her in the sunbeam, and heard her voice on the wind, and through the day she spoke to him in bonnie ways.

But when the night fell, then the darkness hid her from him; and he would go ben the house in the Abbey Nook and sit him down and wait, half-expecting she would win into the room with her pale smile to welcome him.

And when she didna come, he would rise, sighing, and win out without a word.

And this went on until one nicht, sitting there, he was minded o' Nannie's words, how the love that had God in it could not go out in darkness.

But his heart was too sair for the comfort of it, and he said to Geordie that just as they wouldna hear again the sound of her fiddle striking through the piano's music, so their hearts couldna meet in the silence that had fallen between them.

And Geordie rose and fell to playing the music he had played with Nannie the nicht she won awa'.

The fiddle lay dumb on the shelf where she had putten it, and the silence of the strings cried to Robbie's heart. Geordie played on till all at once an awful strange thing happened, and out of the silence where the fiddle lay a high note came answering to the note he had touched on the piano.

Geordie kenned fine how it happened, but to Robbie it was like the voice of Nannie telling him that love was in death's silence, and would speak to him again.

And the verses he wrote after that showed that he had taken comfort from the message.

YESTERDAY'S MIGHT.

Standing amid the roses, while a song as of beaten gold
Comes up the path from the river, the river that grows not old,
I almost see what I cannot see, path shaded by beechen boughs,
And a light on the blossoming limes like the sun upon winter's snows.
Ah, the breeze through the green aisle shivers, and the night grows sudden cold!

In the light that is half the twilight, and half the red firelight play,
I kneel as I knelt by the altar in yon minster old and gray;
And I almost hear what I cannot hear, the chimes of a marriage bell,
With the fond "God speed you," happy days, from the many lips that fell.
Ah, tears, and ashes, and rose-leaves fall in the might of my yesterday.

You tell me of roses and tears, that they smell of rosemary and rue,
Can I wonder the beechen boughs that they intertwine with the yew?
But, say, when the heart grows weary giving battle to yesterday's might,
And the glow from the firelight glancing sinks down into darkest night,
Can a woman be less than womanly, to her true heart prove untrue?

Still I almost see what I cannot see, and hear what I cannot hear,
The phantom forms of yesterday with their rhythmic beat and clear;
Till in through the hush of the gloaming darts a gleam of light from the skies,
'Tis the sheen of the emerald portals enfolding my Paradise!
And I turn again to my heritage, humbly to do and to bear.

But that was the last of the verses Robbie penned; for afterwards he hadna time, he said, to be making rhymes when there were hearts round him needing love and comfort.

He was no longer a lone man, for it was strange how all in sorrow drew to him to learn the message that had taken the sting from loss and death.

And finding himself a help to those around him, Robbie was comforted himself.

But the life in him wore the frail body; and as the soul grew, the frame withered, and ilka ane kenned that Robbie was to die.

And day by day the love waxed on his face that was a wonder to see; and when he lay dead, none minded of his crooked body, seeing his face as the face of an angel.

Geordie held to it that Robbie's life had been a grander poem than any verse he had ever penned; but, however, I ken fine it was love that made him a poet.

CHAPTER VIII.—AMONG THE FISHERS.

It was summer in Skyrle.

Down at the shore the fishers were thrang with the herrings. All along the harbour there were rows and rows of casks waiting to be filled and sent all over Scotland.

At the end of the pier the women were cleaning and sorting the fish for the barrels. The men were all about; some in the boats making ready for going out again, some traiking along the harbour wall with their cutties in their mouths, some leaning their arms on the stones, speaking a word now and then one to the other.

The waves washed at the foot of the walls—a saft "lap-lap" that was surely a blythe thing to hear in the summer gloaming. And the air was full of the sound of bairns' voices and the smell of the nets and creels. It was the time of the year when Skyrle has more to do with the sea than with the mill. And out in the pleasant sun it did seem a fine thing to be one of the fisher folk, dancing on bright waves away from the roar of wheels, out of the noise and heat and dust of the factory.

Ay, a fine thing it seemed with the sun glinting down on the boats rocking safe as bairns' cradles aneath the harbour wall.

But to them that had thocht to look backward at the dour winter past, and forward to the storm that ilka green wave carries in its bosom, it was no althegither a fine thing.

Surely it is weel to be content wi' our lot; minding of the sang we heard yestreen, through the keen be in our ears the morn—

HIS ARMS WERE FAST ROUND A WEE BAIRN.

seeing the heavens open aboon us, though earth has been cloven through by the passing of our deid.

Old Swankie stood leaning over the wall; his cutty in his mouth, his southron brogues covered with little bright scales from the herrings. His eyes were towards the Bell light, the tower standing straight and tall against a clear, gray sky, for his sight

was keen with many years' peering through night and storm. He was an old man; his hair and beard like the waves when they break on the brown rocks on the shore. An old man he was, but strong and hearty, putting to shame many a younger. For all his age he took his place in the boat now as he had done fifty years ago; and did a strong man's work on the sea, and in the kirk, where he was greatly respectit. He walked blameless before the town; and up and down the coast from Wick to Newcastle, there was no fisher but knew him for a stern, upright man, sticking to his word as a buckie to the rock.

He looked stern enough gazing out over the sea that summer night; but yet his arms were fast round a wee bairn that kicked her little red shoon on the wall; and his ears were hearkening to a lassie cracking with his auld wife Margot over a tub of herrings.

Though a stern man and a silent, he was fine at a song, and in his day had been precentor at the totum kirkie. When they got an organ intil the church, Swankie laid down a puckle bawbies towards it, although the thing must have been in his mind as no althegither a compliment to himself and his singing. But though he might have a rough way with him, he wasna one to bear malice; and once when William Rafe absented himself from the kirk, and there was none to take the instrument, old Swankie rose in his seat and struck his tuning fork (he never won to a diet of worship without the fork in his poke), and set the tune over the heads of Geordie Mackay and all the proud hizzies in the singing pew. But Miss Isobel had a story against him that she telled all the folk that came to the manse, roaring and laughing at rough Scotch ways.

One night at the class, neither William Rafe nor Geordie Mackay being present,—I doubt they were at cricket on the common,—the minister signed across to Swankie to give the tune.

The which he did. But coming to the next, which was one of thae irregular hymns like a cork-screw, in the new part of the book, he couldna mind of a tune to it.

Mr. Grahame waited on him a bittie; then, said he—

"Can you set that tune for us, Brother Swankie?"

Upon which the old man looked up glowering at the minister—

"Set it yoursel'!" said he.

Miss Isobel laughed out then and there; and she never telled the story after but she roared at the minister's face when Swankie bade him start the singing himself.

But this evening Swankie's tune was ready to him, for he had made it himself to fit the verses of one of our Skyrle poets. So while the men smoked and hearkened, and the women ceased their claver to get the sang, he sent his voice far across the water, the waves keeping time to the music as they lapped at his feet.

And this was what he sang—

"Out to sea from the old red pier,
When the morning is breaking fair,
I gaze, and the lapping of the wavelets hear,
And I revel in ocean air.

"My heart keeps time with the lap and spray
As, bearing to seaward far,
The fisherman, silently sailing away,
Is crossing the Fairport Bar.

"In from sea on the autumn day,
With the sun on the western rim,
The wild waves hurry and break away
On the lee land—phantom dim;
And keen through his rigging the tempest sings,
As steady the gallant tar
Stands at his post as the vessel swings,
Crossing the Fairport Bar.

"I think of youth on the old red pier,
Ere the din of day is begun;
I think of age in the autumn blear,
When the voyage is almost done;

"And I wonder if I shall as calmly stand
As that weary but dauntless tar,
When my bark is nearing the silent land—
Is crossing the Fairport Bar."*

As he ceased, up came the minister and his lassie, Miss Isobel, and the little doggie Skye sniffing about among the bits of fish lying on the pier.

The minister held out his hand to Swankie; and stooped and kissed the bairn swinging her legs on the wall.

He was a great man for children, the minister—aiblins because he had never had more than the one—and always had a sweetie in his poke when he met a bairn. So now he gave the littlin a mint drop as well as a kiss.

"This is the youngest of your grandchildren, is she not?" said he to Swankie.

"Ay, is she," Swankie made answer, "and Leeb, ower at the tubs, she's at the ither end o' them—aucht bairns; an' their father awa afore *his* father."

His old face hardened. It was aye sair to him to mind of his laddie whose grave was the sea.

"And the mother?" said the minister, putting his hand on the bairn's head.

"She went before her man," said Swankie, and spoke no more.

"And faith follows both, and knows the love that has called them," said Mr. Grahame gently, his face beaming with kindliness.

"Ou ay, ou ay," Swankie made answer.

He was a man of few words, speaking little where he felt the most; but there was a strength in his face that telled of the inward struggle, and peace that he had gotten through strife.

Lassie though she was, Miss Isobel understood it; and it was her pity for the old man that made her hold out her hand to the bairn.

"She'll no tak wi' strangers," said Swankie.

* By James Christie, Arbroath.

But Miss Isobel had a way with her that none could resist, and the babe was soon happy in her arms. Holding the wee thing to her, she crossed over to the women at the tubs.

"And how are you getting on, Libbie?" said she.

"Fine," said Libbie. "And indeed, it's a wonder to see the babba sae guid wi' you, Miss Isobel. Isn't it no, gran?"

"Ay," said old Margot, without ceasing her work.

"She's good with everybody, I'm sure," said Miss Isobel laughing. "And see how jealous Skye is. He wants me to put her down."

And indeed the little doggie sat on his hind legs begging before the lassie.

"No, no, Skye, I can't take you up. Babies are better than doggies, you know. Libbie"—she turned all on the moment to the lassie—"what ails you? You've been crying."

"Weel-a-weel!" said Libbie, brushing the tears from her ee; "it's juist granfer, Miss Isobel. I canna thole him to sing that sang. I'm like to greet ilka time I hearken to it."

"Toots, toots, woman!" said old Margot; "gin you carried my years you wouldna fash yoursel' at a sang. Tears are no easy when the heart's o'er-laden, and when the years are many an' ill."

"What are you afraid of, Libbie?" Miss Isobel asked.

"It was my ain mither, Miss Isobel; the nicht she won awa she had an awfu'-like dream. She saw father an' granfer winnin' to her across the watter. There was a bonnie licht all about them; they smilin' to see her. An' then it was black darkness, and the watter deith-cauld to her puir feet. An' father was drooned a year syne; and I think whiles, when granfer sings o' crossin' the bar, he'll win tae her by the way o' the sea.

"Toots, toots!" said Margot again. "Bide till life has you in its grip, lassie. Aiblins then you'll live mair an' dream less."

"But I think Libbie is working too hard," said Miss Isobel very pitiful-like. "She doesn't get enough pleasure in her life, and so everything seems sad and fearful to her."

"Life wasna gi'en to us for pleasurin'," said old Margot. "I hinna had the time these fifty years to spier at mysel' how I'd do gin I lost Swankie. Lassie, I hinna had the time to greet for the five laddies the sea has ta'en fra me."

"Poor Margot!" said Miss Isobel, the tears in her ee. "But, Libbie, you musn't fret. We are as near to God on the sea as on the land."

"Ay, are we," said Libbie. "But mony a nicht I lay wakefu' when the wind's high, prayin' for granfer. An' mony a nicht, Miss Isobel, I canna sleep for the sicht o' him winnin' to father an' mither ower the black watter. An' gran, too—though she winna own to it—gran wakes o' nichts when the sea's in storm."

"My slimber was aye licht," said Margot.

Miss Isobel jouked forward and kissed the brave old woman, and when she rose again tears had fallen on the face of the babe sleeping in her arms.

Meanwhile Swankie was cracking with the minister, telling

him about the first harbour built in Skyrle, nigh on five hundred years past, when the monks had lived in the old abbey and the burgesses had the pier sunk and the foundations laid close to where the burnie runs intae the sea. Many a time since has it been repaired and added to, till now it's a grand harbour, and Skyrle can hold its own as a seaport of the north.

The minister was never weary of cracking about the fishers; and Swankie telled him of the gallery in the parish kirk where the seafaring folk sat together, and the sermon that was preached every spring in the wee kirkie in Abbey Street, ere the boats won awa to the Baltic. And Mr. Grahame bade him tell about the time when they had sent him to London, to speak before the grand folk for the rights of the fishers. And mony a bonnie tale he telled of the strange ways of the south, and the happiness he got in seeing the herrings and haddies in the Lunnon shops, they being the only kenned faces he saw. And Miss Isobel came near and hearkened, the babe sleeping in her arms, till the lights were lit at the end of the pier, and the stars came out pale-like on sky and sea, and the lonely cry of the gull sounded aboot them.

Then they called the doggie Skye and turned for the manse; and the minister shook Swankie's hand.

"At eventide there shall be light, Swankie."

"Ou ay," said the old man gruff-like; but his way was as gentle as a woman's when he lifted the little bairn from Miss Isobel's arms.

And as they went along the harbour wall they heard Swankie crooning the last lines of the song,

> "When my bark is nearing the silent land,
> Is crossing the Fairport Bar."

But Miss Isobel only heard the sound of the waves lapping against the stones. Into her young life had struck the pain of the lives of others. She was learning the pathos and tragedy of the things folk are used to call commonplace.

She turned and looked at Swankie; and clear against the light she saw his old face, stern, and rough, and strong, with a look on it like the storm and passion of the sea.

The wind lifted his white hair, but it didna bend his thin limbs. Straight as the Bell tower he stood, holding the bairn on his arm. And the sicht somehow minded Miss Isobel of Death bearing the babe Immortality.

I AM glad to think
I am not bound to make the world go right
But only to discover and to do,
With cheerful heart, the work that God appoints.
I will trust in Him,
That He can hold His own; and I will take
His will, above the work He sendeth me,
To be my chiefest good.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

A SINGER FROM THE SEA.*

A CORNISH STORY.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

Author of "The Preacher's Daughter," etc.

CHAPTER XII.—A COWARDLY LOVE.

ROLAND and Denasia were in Liverpool. They were full of hopes and of prudent plans. Roland had again turned over a new leaf; he had renounced his past self—the faults he could no longer commit; he had renounced also his future faults If he was a little extravagant in every way for a day or two before making so eventful a voyage, he felt that Denasia ought not to complain. Alas! it is not the renunciation of our past and future selves that is difficult; it is the steady denial of our present self which makes the disciple.

They spent two pleasant days in Liverpool, and on the eve of the second went to the wonderful piers and saw the vast companies of steamers smudging the blue sky with their lowering clouds of black smoke. Denasia clung closely to Roland; she felt that she was going into a new world, and she looked with a questioning love into his eyes, as if she could read her fortune in them. Roland was unusually gay and hopeful. He reminded his wife that the mind and the heart could not be changed by place or time. He said that they had each other to begin the new life with, and he was very sure they would soon possess their share of every good thing. And Denasia fell asleep to his hopeful predictions.

The few last weary hours in England went slowly by. Roland and Denasia became at last impatient to be off; the cab that took them to the wharf was a relief, and the great steamer a palace of comfort. They were not sick, and the storm was soon over. After they lost sight of the land the huge waves were flatted upon the main; the weather was charming; the company made a fair show of being intensely happy, and day after day went past in the monotonous pretension. Nothing varied the life until the last night on board, when there was a concert. Denasia had been asked to take a part in it, and she had promised to sing.

No one expected much from her. She had not been either officious or effusive during the voyage, and "song by Mrs. Tresham" did not raise any great expectations. As it was nearly the last item on the programme, many had gone away before Roland took his place at the piano and struck a few startling chords. Then Mrs. Tresham stepped forward.

> "Here beginneth the sea,
> That ends not till the world ends,"

* Abridged from volume of same title. Price, $1.50. Toronto: William Briggs.

thrilled the great ship's cabins from end to end. The captain was within the door before the first verse was finished. There was a crowd at the doors; all the servants in the lower saloon had ceased work to listen.

The listener most interested in this performance said the least at the time; but he never took his eyes off the singer, and his private decision was, "That young woman is a public singer. Her voice has not been trained for parlours; she has been used to fling its volume through the larger space of public halls. I must look after her." He approached Roland the next day and spoke in guarded terms about Mrs. Tresham's voice. Roland was easily induced to talk, and the result was an offer which was really—if they had known it—the open door to fortune. Roland received the offer coolly, and said he would consult Mrs. Tresham on the matter. But, instead of consulting with his wife, he dictated to her after the fashion of the suspicious:

"This man is the manager of a company, I think. He is very anxious for you to sign an agreement. His offer appears to be good, but we know nothing of affairs in New York; it may be a very poor offer. If you have made such an impression on him, you may make a much more pronounced one on others. We will not think of this proposal at all, except as the straw which shows us what a great wind is going to blow."

Denasia was extremely opposed to this view. She said it would be a sure living during the time they were learning the new country and its opportunities. She begged Roland to let her accept the offer. When he refused, she said they would live to regret the folly.

But whether we do wisely or foolishly, the business of life must be carried on. For some days the strange experiences of their new life occupied every moment and every feeling. Then came a long spell of hot weather, such heat as Denasia had never dreamed of. She lay prostrate with but one idea in her heart—the cool coverts of the Cornish under-cliff.

Yet it was necessary something should be done, and through the blazing heat, day after day, the poor girl was dragged to agencies and managers. But she found no one to make her such an offer as the one so foolishly declined. And the time wore on, and the money in their purse grew less and less, and a kind of desperation made both silent and irritable. Finally an engagement to go "on the road" was secured, and Roland affected to be delighted with it. "We shall see the whole country," he said, "and we can keep our eyes open for something better."

They left New York in September and went slowly west. Long days in hot railway cars; hurry and worry, no seclusion, no time for study; no time to acknowledge headache or weariness; a score of little humiliations and wrongs; a constant irritability at Roland's apparent indifference to her wretchedness. It was a wearisome seven months, a nightmare kind of life, unrelieved by even a phantom show of success. Men in the Sierras, out on the great Western plains, knew not the sea. They could not be roused to

enthusiasm. Without being a failure, Denasia could not be said to be a success.

Coming back eastward, while they were at Denver Denasia was stricken with typhoid fever. Home-sickness also of the worst kind had attacked her. She wanted the sea. She wanted her home. Above all, she wanted to hide herself in her mother's breast. Roland had frequently been unkind to her lately.

At last she could endure it no longer. She had come to a point of indifference. "Leave me and let me die." The company were compelled to leave her; Roland saw his favourites on the train and then he returned to nurse his sick wife. He found her insensible, and she remained so for many days. Doctors were called, and Roland conscientiously remained by her side; and yet it was all alone that she fought her battle with death. No one went with her into the dark valley of his shadow. She was deaf to all human voices; far beyond all human help or comfort.

She came back from the strife weak as a baby. Her clear, shrill voice was a whisper. She could not lift a finger. It was an exhausting effort to open her eyes. The convalescence from such a sickness was necessarily long and tiresome. The fondest heart, the most unselfish nature must at times have felt the strain too great to be borne. A wife smitten by deathly sickness into breathing clay—a wife who could give him no delight and make him no money—a wife who compelled him to waste his days in darkness and solitude and unpleasant duties, and his money in medicines and doctor's fees—was not the kind of wife he had given his heart and name to.

Financial difficulties were quickly upon him, and though he had written to Elizabeth a most pitiful description of his position, a whole month had passed and there was no letter to answer his appeal. He had momentary inpulses to run away from a situation so painful and so nearly beyond his control. But it was fortunately much easier for Roland to be a scoundrel in intent than in reality. His selfish instincts had some nobler ones to combat, and as yet the nobler ones had kept the man within the pale of human affections. There had been one hour when the temptation was very nearly too much for him; and that very hour there came to him two hundred dollars from Elizabeth. It turned him back.

It was midsummer before Denasia was strong enough to return to New York, though she was passionately anxious to do so. "We are so far out of the right way," she pleaded. "So far! In New York we are nearer home. In New York I shall get well."

And by this time Roland had fully realized how unfit he was for the vivid, rapid life of the West. The cultivated, gentlemanly drawl of his speech was of itself an offence. So, with hopes much dashed and hearts much dismayed, they re-entered New York. The question of the future was a serious one. They were nearly dollarless again, and even Roland felt that Elizabeth could not be appealed to for some months at least. Denasia was facing the sorrowful hopes of motherhood. For three or four months she

could not sing. They restricted themselves to a small back room in a cheap boarding-house, and Roland searched the agencies and the papers daily for something suitable to his peculiar characteristics and capabilities, and found nothing. There was a great city full of people, but not one of them wanting the services of a young gentleman like Roland.

As for Denasia, she was still very weak. July and August tried her severely. Some few little garments had to be made, and this pitiful sewing was all she could manage. In the last days of August the baby was born. Denasia recovered rapidly, but the little lad was a sickly, puny child. All the more he appealed to his mother's love, and Denasia began now to comprehend something of the sin against mother-love which she herself had committed.

Perhaps she permitted her joy in her child to dominate her life too visibly; at any rate it soon began to annoy her husband.

"You are forever nursing that crying little creature, Denasia," he said one day when he returned to their small, warm room. "No one can get your attention for five minutes. You hear nothing I say. You take no interest in what I do. And the little torment is forever and forever crying.

"Baby is sick, and who is there to care for him but me?"

"We ought to be doing something. Winter is coming on. Companies are already on the road; you will find it hard to get a position of any kind, soon."

"I will go out to-morrow. I am strong enough now, I think."

"I can find nothing suitable. People seem to take an instant dislike to me."

"That is nonsense! You were always a favourite."

"I have had to sell most of my jewellery in order to provide for your sickness, Denasia. Of course I was glad to do it, you know that, but——"

"But it is my duty now, Roland. I will begin to-morrow."

So the next day Denasia went to the agencies, and Roland promised to take care of the baby. Two weeks of exhausting waiting and seeking, of delayed hope and destroyed hope, followed; and Denasia was forced to admit that she had made no impression on the managerial mind.

The poor little baby, in Roland's opinion, was to blame for every disappointment. So instead of being a loving tie between them, the poor wailing little morsel of humanity separated very love, while Roland's complaints of it really produced in his heart the impatient dislike which at first he only pretended.

He grumbled when left in charge of the cradle. As soon as Denasia was out of sight he frequently deserted his duty, and the disputes that followed hardened his heart continually against the cause of them. And when it came to naming the child, he averred that it was a matter of no importance to him, only he would not have it called Roland. "There had been," he said, "one too many of the Treshams called Roland. The name was unlucky;

and besides, the child did not resemble his family. It looked just like the St. Penfer fisher children."

Denasia coloured furiously, but she answered with the moderation of accepted punishment, "Very well, then! I will call him 'John,' after my father. I hope he may be as good a man."

Matters went on in this unhappy fashion until the end of October—nay, they continually grew worse. Denasia had become pale, fragile-looking, and woefully depressed. Roland no longer found her always smiling and hoping, and he called the change bad temper when he ought to have called it hunger. Not indeed hunger in its baldest form for mere bread, but hunger just as killing—hunger for hope, for work, and, above all, hunger for affection.

For Roland had begun privately—yea, and sometimes openly—to call himself a fool. And the devil, who never chooses a wrong hour, sent him at this time an important letter from Elizabeth. In it she told him that Mr. Burrell had died suddenly from apoplexy, and that she had resolved to sell Burrell Court and make her residence in London and Lucerne. She deplored his absence, and said how much she had needed someone of her own family in the removal from Cornwall and in the settlement of her husband's estate; and she sent her brother a much smaller sum of money than she had ever sent before.

When Roland had finished reading this epistle he looked at Denasia. She was walking about the room trying to soothe and quiet the child. It was very ill, and she had not dared to speak about a doctor. Therefore she was feeling hurt and sorrowful, and when Roland said, "Elizabeth's husband is dead," she did not answer him.

"I said that Elizabeth's husband is dead," he angrily reiterated.

"Very well. I am not sorry. I should think the poor man would be glad to escape from her."

"You are speaking of my sister, Denasia—of my sister, who is a lady."

"I care nothing about her. She could always take good care of herself. I am heart-broken for my child, who is ill and suffering, and I can do nothing for his relief—no, not even get a doctor."

Words still more bitter followed. Roland dressed himself and went out. He took the cars to Central Park. But it was not until he was comfortably seated in the most retired arbour that he permitted himself to think.

Then he frankly said over and over: "What a fool I have been! Here am I, at thirty-three years of age, tied to a plain-looking fisher-girl and her cross, sickly baby. All I hoped for in her has proved a deception. Her beauty has not stood the test of climate. Her voice is now commonplace. Her songs are become tiresome. She has grown fretful, and all her brightness and hopefulness have vanished. I do not know how to make a living. If I had not been married, what a jolly time I might now be having with Elizabeth! London, Paris, Switzerland, and no care or trouble of any kind. Oh, what a fool I have been! How terribly I have been deceived!"

He did not take into consideration Denasia's disappointment. He had no doubt Denasia was telling all her own sorrows to herself and weeping over them and her miserable little baby. After a while he lit a fresh cigar and opened a newspaper. The following notice met his vision:

"Wanted, a private secretary. A young man who has had a classical education preferred. Call upon Mr. Edward Lanhearne, 9 Fifth Avenue."

The name struck Roland, He had heard it before. It had a happy memory, an air of prosperity about it. Lanhearne! It was a Cornish name! That circumstance gave him the clue. When he was a boy at Eton, he remembered a Mr. Lanhearne who stayed with his father. He fixed the address in his mind and went to it immediately.

The house pleased him. It was a large dwelling fronting on the avenue. A handsome carriage was just leaving the door, and in the carriage was a very lovely young woman. The house and household indicated wealth and refinement. What a heaven in comparison with that back room on Second Avenue!

Mr. Lanhearne received him at once. He was a kindly-looking old gentleman, with fine manners and an intelligent-looking face.

"Mr. Tresham," he said, "I was attracted by your name. I once had a friend—a very pleasant friend indeed, called Tresham."

"Did he live in London, sir?"

"He did."

"He was Lord Mayor in the year 18—?"

"He was. Did you know him?"

"I am his son. I remember you well. You went with me and my father to buy my first pony."

"I did indeed. Mr. Tresham, sit down, sir. You are very welcome. I am grateful for your visit. And how is my old acquaintance? I have not heard of him for many years. We are both Cornishmen, and you know the Cornish motto is 'One and all.'"

"My father is dead. He had great financial misfortunes. He did not survive them long. I came to America hoping to find a better opening, but nothing has gone well with me. This morning I saw your advertisement. I think I can do all you require, and I shall be very glad indeed of the position."

"How long have you been in America, Mr. Tresham?"

"More than a year. I went west at once, spent my money, and failed in every effort."

"To be sure. I am glad you have called upon me. The duties I wish attended to are very simple. You will have to read my mail every morning and answer it as I verbally direct. You will arrange my coins and seals and such matters. I want someone to chat with me on my various hobbies. You will have a handsome room, a seat at my table, a place among my guests, and one hundred dollars a month."

"I am very grateful to you, sir."

"And I am grateful to the kind fate which sent you to me. I

owe your father for many a delightful day. I am glad to pay my debt to his son. When can you come here?"

"This afternoon, sir."

"I like that. We dine at seven. I will expect you to dinner. Do you—ahem!—excuse me, Mr. Tresham. perhaps you may require a little money in advance. I shall be pleased to accommodate you."

"Your offer is gracious and considerate, sir. I am glad you made it, although I do not fortunately need to accept it."

They clasped hands and parted with smiles. Mr. Lanhearne was quite excited over the adventure. He longed for his daughter to come home, that he might tell her what a romantic answer had come to his prosaic advertisement. And Roland was still more excited. The air of the house, its peace, refinement and luxury appealed irresistibly to him. It was his native air. He wondered how he had endured the vulgarity and penury of his surroundings for so long; how indeed he had borne with Denasia's shortcomings at all. That refined old gentleman, that quiet, elegant woman whom he had had a glimpse of—these people were like himself, of his own order—he would never weary of them.

"I had no business out of my proper sphere," he said sadly. "Elizabeth was right—right even about Denasia." I will no longer waste my life. Denasia and I have made a great mistake. Together we shall be poor and miserable. Apart, we shall be happy. I no longer love her. I do not believe she loves me. All the love she can spare from her blustering father and mother she wastes on that miserable sickly babe, who would be a thousand times better dead than alive. If I leave her she will go back to St. Penfer. I have a hundred dollars; I will give her fifty of them. She can pay a steerage passage out of it or go in a sailing-vessel, or if she does not like that way she has things she can sell. If I give her half of what I have I do very well indeed."

He went very rapidly to his home, or room. He knew that Denasia had an engagement to keep, and he hoped that he might be fortunate enough to find her out. It was as he wished: Denasia had gone out and the landlady was sitting by the baby's cradle. Roland dismissed her with that manner all woman declared to be charming, and then he sat down and wrote a letter to his wife. It did not occupy him ten minutes. Some of his clothing was yet very good and fashionable; he packed it in the leather trap and then sent a little girl for a cab. Without word and without observation he drove away from the scene of so much vexation and disappointment.

Denasia came home weary and disappointed. She was heart-sick, and the paltry car-fare was an addition to her anxiety. That the room was empty and the baby crying did not in any way astonish her. Her eyes wandered from her child to a letter lying on the table. She looked at it with a little contempt. She expected to find it assert that someone had called for him or had

sent him a message involving a possible engagement, and she knew the whole affair would resolve itself into some plausible story, which she would either have to accept or else deny, with the certain addition of a coolness or a quarrel.

So the letter lay until she had put off and away her street costume. Then she took it in her hand and sat down by the open window to read the contents. They were short and very much to the point:

"DENASIA, MY DEAR:—You have ceased to love me and I have ceased to love you. You are miserable and I am miserable. We have made a great mistake, and we must do all we can to correct it. When you read this I shall be on my way to England. I advise you to go back to your parents for a year. You may in that time recover your beauty and your voice. It may be well then to go to Italy and give yourself an opportunity to obtain the education I see now you ought to have had at the first. But until that is practicable we are better apart. You will find fifty dollars in the white gloves lying on the dressing-case. I advise you to take a sailing-vessel; a long voyage will do you good and will be much cheaper. It is what I have done. Farewell. "ROLAND."

She read every word and then glanced at the cradle. The child moved. With the letter in her hand she soothed it and then sat down. Then she began to analyse the specious sentences and to deny the things asserted. "I have not ceased to love. Nothing had power to make me quite miserable if Roland was kind to me. And I am to go home for a year and get back my beauty and my voice. Go home and shame my good father and mother for his sake. Go home a deserted wife, a failure in everything? No; I will not go home. I will sew, I will wash, I will go to service, I will do anything with my hands I can do; but I will not sing. And I will bring up my boy to work at real work, if it is but to make a horseshoe out of a lump of iron! What a foolish woman I have been! What a silly, vain, loving woman! My heart will break! My heart will break! Alone, alone! Sick, helpless, ignorant, alone!"

She closed her eyes and hid her face, and in that darkness gathered together her soul-strength. But she shed no tears. Pale as death, weak and trembling with suppressed emotion, she went softly about the little room putting things in order—doing she scarcely knew what, yet feeling the necessity to be doing something. Thus she came across the white gloves, and she feared to look in them. Her knowledge of Roland led her to think he would not leave fifty dollars behind him. He would take the credit of the gift and leave her to suppose herself robbed by some intruder.

So she looked suspiciously at the bit of white kid and undid it without hope. The money was there. After all, Roland had some pity for her. The sight of the bills subdued her proud restraint. One great pressure was lifted. No one could now interfere if she sent for a doctor for her sick baby. She could at least buy it the medicine that would ease its sufferings. And so far out was the tide of her happiness that from this reflection alone she drew a kind of consolation.

ARCHDEACON FREDERICK W. FARRAR, D.D.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

SINCE the death of Canon Liddon, the most popular preacher in the Established Church of England is Archdeacon Farrar. Like Thackeray, the novelist, he is a native of India, and was born at Bombay on the 7th of August, 1831. He came early in life to England, and was graduated from King's College in London, and then became a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge—that remarkable hive of genius which bears the most splendid muster-roll of any college in Great Britain. He won several prizes, and soon after leaving Cambridge he became Assistant-Master of Harrow School with Dr. Vaughan. In 1871, he was chosen Head-Master of Marlborough College, whence he came to London as Canon of Westminster. Six years ago he was made Archdeacon of Westminster, and is the pastor of the parish of "St. Margaret's," in which church he preaches every Sunday. Why a man of his superb powers and scholarship has never been made a bishop may puzzle those who do not know that in Britain the mitre—like the presidency in America—does not always alight on the loftiest heads. Dr. Farrar is too "liberal" in his theology to suit the Low Church, and too radical in his politics to suit the High Church. He is a decided Broad Churchman, with very pronounced Evangelical views on most points (as his "Life of St. Paul" clearly indicates); but his writings on eschatology lean towards Universalist Restorationism. He was Bampton Lecturer at Oxford in 1885.

In prolific authorship, Farrar is one of the marvels of the age. How he is able to perform the mere mechanical labour of consulting so many authorities, mastering so many authors, and composing so many elaborate works is a mystery. He has produced over twenty volumes, some of them requiring vast research, in addition to a large number of contributions to enclyclopedias, reviews, and theological periodicals. And all the time he is preparing powerful sermons for his "St. Margaret's" pulpit, and often addresses temperance and other philanthropic meetings from the platform. No man could achieve such prodigies unless he were a miser of his minutes and a "terrible toiler." The last time that I called on him at his pleasant residence in Westminster Yard I found him standing at a high desk with his study-jacket on. Like many other great students he does much of his work on his legs, and walks about to consult his various authorities. For ten months of every year he toils like a galley-slave, and turns off his manuscripts with great rapidity; then he locks up his library and runs away to the mountains of Wales for his annual vacation. The English climate is favourable to hard work, bodily or mental; and, in addition to this, Farrar is possessed of a cast-iron constitution, and is very observant of the laws of health.

The first book that made him famous was his "Life of Christ." It ran through twelve editions during the first year, and its sale in Britain has been enormous. In America it has been reprinted in

every variety of style—in handsome editions for the rich, and cheap editions for the poor. The majority of all our ministers own it in some shape; and I am free to confess that during the first few years after its appearance it was one of the best-thumbed volumes in my library. I often took it up for the enjoyment of its style, in which the rich, musical cadences of a poem mingle with the researches of historical scholarship. In spite of all its faults, it seems to my mind the most perfect portraiture of the Man Christ Jesus that has been produced outside of the inspired Gospels. His "Life of St. Paul" is a masterpiece of brilliant writing and large erudition; many of his great descriptive passages have the gorgeousness of Lord Macaulay. The next production of his busy pen, entitled "The Early Days of Christianity," is crammed with learning. His latest work, the "Lives of the Fathers," is a return to his earlier and more chaste and temperate style.

As a preacher Dr. Farrar stands in the highest rank of living British clergymen. He has none of the graces of oratory, or fascinations of voice such as Spurgeon possessed. His discourses are carefully written, and read in a fervid, earnest and manly fashion. In physique he is a sturdy Englishman, with a broad brow, a keen eye, and a voice of such volume as to be fairly heard when he preaches in Westminster Abbey. Some of his discourses are rather florid in style; but when he is handling some question of practical duty or social reform he hurls out his fearless denunciations with the precision and the power of a Gatling gun. There is no preacher in England to-day who has more of the courage of his convictions than Frederick Farrar. It is this uncompromising plainness of speech which has made him unpopular in polite and perfumed circles of society, and has probably been a bar to his ecclesiastical promotion. In practical philanthropy he has been intensely active ever since he came to London. He was the founder of the Westminster Sunday-school Association, and has a helping hand for almost every enterprise of local reform. Several years ago, he adopted the principles and practice of total abstinence from all intoxicating beverages, and threw himself into that movement with all his might and main. Archdeacon Farrar is really the most brilliant and effective advocate of the total abstinence reform now living. His addresses entitled "Between the Living and the Dead," "The Serpent and the Tiger," and "Abstinence for the Sake of Ourselves and Others" are powerful specimens of argument clothed in most vivid and impassioned rhetoric. Most of his temperance orations have been reprinted in this country by the "National Temperance Society," and they welcomed him with a public reception when he visited New York. His trenchant and courageous style makes him a favourite speaker to collegians, and after his address on "Teetotalism" before the University of Edinburgh, the students escorted him to the railway station and sent him away with "three times three cheers and a tiger."

Nearly twenty years ago Dr. Farrar published his first volume of sermons, entitled "The Silence and the Voices of God." They were delivered at Cambridge University, Hereford Cathedral, and other conspicuous places; and some of them have a solemn directness and pungency of appeal that Spurgeon might have employed. The one entitled "Too Late" is such a note of arousing alarm as the most evangelical pastor might sound in the height of a revival-season. They are models of fervour, force and godly fidelity. In a solemn appeal to the students of Cambridge he said, "You can find rest, peace and purity in Christ, and find it nowhere else. You can find it in the religion which Christ came to teach; the sunrise of its first day flushed over the manger of Bethlehem, and the sunset of its last will fall red upon the Cross of Calvary!" Distant be the day when the voice of this faithful preacher and fearless reformer shall no longer echo over Britain and the world!—*Treasury of Religious Thought.*

THE ONLY SUCCESSFUL MISSIONARY METHOD.*

REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, M.A.

I NEVER have believed in "slow and steady" progress—and, blessed be God, I do not believe in it now! I am miserable when I think that at this moment two-thirds of the human race do not even nominally acknowledge Christ. I quite admit that during the past century Christian missions have made far greater progress than during many preceding centuries; that we have everything to encourage us; that there is not the slightest occasion for despair anywhere. But at the same time, how any human being can be satisfied with the state of things at home or abroad, I am utterly unable to conceive,

To me it is the most melancholy and humiliating of all facts, that to-day in this little island, where the Gospel has been preached for a thousand years, the majority of my fellow-countrymen belong to no section of the Church of God. No doubt the revival and extension of the work of God abroad must follow that revival and extension of the work of God at home of which, blessed be God, we have many signs. But oh! let us be profoundly dissatisfied with the existing rate of progress. I think, brethren, that even in the history of your own great society another Madagascar is overdue. We cannot live forever upon the historic exploits of our fathers. And I may say with respect to my own communion, I am anxiously waiting for another Fiji.

Now, what do we want in order that we may see the work of God revived—revived as in apostolic days, and as in this country a century ago? We want the baptism of the day of Pentecost. I may express my whole thesis in this one sentence: We can neither coerce nor argue human society into Christianity. We cannot make any real progress without the Spirit of God.

Words of profoundest philosophy are often unconsciously spoken by such unlettered men as St. Peter. I remember a similiarly unlettered man addressing an audience in Exeter Hall a few years ago, and uttering one of the profoundest Christian truths I ever heard. Several of us spoke on that occasion, but nobody spoke so well as he; and no sentiment that he uttered was so enthusiastically applauded as the one I am about to quote. It was a very remarkable audience. Exeter Hall was crammed to the ceiling with a meeting of workingmen and their wives—the very *elite* of the working classes—railway men, porters, engine-drivers, stokers, and so forth. It was the annual meeting of the Christian Railway Men's Association; and the large building was crammed to the ceiling with some of the finest and sturdiest representatives of the English working classes. A man who from his general appearance and size I should imagine was an engine-driver, came to the front and delivered himself of the following sentiment, which was cheered again and again with boundless enthusiasm by those workingmen and their wives. He said; "Mr. Chairman, there are some people who say to us in the present day, Legislate, Legislate, Legislate! So say we workingmen. Parliament can do great deal for us, and the sooner it does it the better. There are others that say, Educate, Educate, Educate! So say we workingmen; and we are very thankful for what has been done of late for the education of the working classes. But while we are ready to say Legislate, Legislate, Legislate! we say above everything else, Regenerate, Regenerate, Regenerate."

That sentiment was applauded to the echo. That sentiment was the profoundest Christian philosophy. There is no man who

* From the Annual Sermon of the London Missionary Society

believes more intensely than I in the necessity and in the sacredness of politics. There is no man who has a higher estimate of what human learning can achieve for God and man. But both Bible and history teach me that the human race is not going to be evangelized either by politicians or by schoolmasters. The men who can do that are the missionaries of Jesus Christ, full of the Holy Spirit, and speaking with tongues of fire. God alone is able to save the human race; and His only method is the method of the day of Pentecost. When the eyes of St. John were purged to see things as they truly are, he beheld the city of God for which you and I have been praying and yearning ever since we began to think. Was it founded by human wisdom? Was it established by statesmen or by schoolmasters? No,—he saw the City of God, "coming down out of heaven from God" (Rev. xxi. 2). And I stand here this morning in the presence of God and of this vast congregation representing one of the greatest missionary societies in the world, to remind you once more that the only hope of the human race is in the direct personal agency of the Holy Spirit, granted in answer to the prayer and faith of true Christians. Great Spirit of the Living God! come, come, come and crown us all with fire.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Manitoba and the Northwest Conference suffered the loss of seven brethren who from ill-health or other causes withdrew from the ministry, three others died at their post, ten finished their probation and were ordained to the full work of the ministry, thirty-two were continued on trial, and five were received by transfer, and three others were removed by the same means; seven candidates were received on trial; twenty-nine probationers were appointed to attend college.

Methodism progresses in the Northwest, as the following figures will testify; sixty-five circuits when missions cost the Missionary Society $85, but the said circuits had given back $68,000. Thirteen years ago the Conference contributed $153 to the Superannuation Fund, but last year the amount thus contributed was $4,000. The Church had spent not less than $400,000 on Indian Missions within the bounds of this Conference, still there are many bands of Indians without the Gospel.

Like Conferences in the East, this Conference has recommended changes in the Discipline; one relates to the personnel of the Stationing Committee, that it shall consist of one minister and one layman from each district.

Another change was for the rule relating to amusements to be made more stringent.

The corner-stone of Wesley College was laid at Winnipeg during the sittings of Conference. In the absence of Mr. Massey, of Toronto, who was to have laid the corner-stone, Dr. Sparling, Principal, performed that ceremony. Mr. Massey contributed $25,000.

Rev. Drs. Griffin and Briggs, Treasurer of the Superannuation Fund and Book Steward respectively, attended and greatly cheered the Conference with the information which they gave respecting their departments. These brethren were

greatly pleased with their visit to the Northwest. Dr. Briggs went to British Columbia and was gratified by his visit.

Nova Scotia Conference met at Amherst. The ministerial session was first held, when six probationers were received into full connection with the Conference and ordained, nineteen were continued on trial, and four candidates were received. Drs. Carman, Sutherland, and Withrow were present. It was gratifying to learn that there was an increase in the Missionary receipts of $590, and also an increase in church members of 428, after losing 970. Rev. W. H. Evans was elected President, and Rev. D. W. Johnson, Secretary. Ten probationers were appointed to attend college, and two others obtained leave of absence for one year to continue their studies abroad.

The price of the *Wesleyan* was reduced some years ago from $2.00 to $1.50 in the hope of an increase of one thousand subscribers, but, alas! as in some other similar cases, the hope was not realized.

Three ministers died during the year, Revs. Messrs. Botterell, Daniel and Alcorn, of whom honourable mention was made.

The Conference pledged itself to join in the effort to increase the endowment of the Supernumerary Fund to $100,000. There are thirty-six ministerial claimants and twenty-four widows on this fund, but the income could only pay ninety per cent of their claims for the past year.

The visitors from the West addressed the Conference, greatly to the delight of the brethren. Dr. Sutherland called attention to the fact that $200,000 of the Missionary income was spent in the Dominion, leaving $35,000 to be expended abroad. He thought more should be spent abroad and that the income should be increased. If members would set apart one cent per day and the Sunday-school scholars one cent per week, there would soon be a great augmentation of income.

Recommendations of changes in the Discipline were numerous. 1. That women have equal privilege with men as delegates to Conference. 2. That ordained and unordained married men should have an equality of salary.

New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference met at Sackville, when seventy-five ministers and twenty-five laymen answered to their names. Rev. J. A. Clark was chosen President, and Rev. Jas. Crisp, Secretary. There is an increase of 244 members. The brethren ask for two persons to be elected from each district to compose the Stationing Committee: they also ask that there be two missionary funds, one Home and another Foreign, instead of one for both, as at present, and thus do away with the Sustentation Fund. The brethren were very liberal in their gifts towards furnishing rooms at the college residence. About $1,000 was promised.

Concerning Newfoundland Conference we learn that Dr. Milligan was elected President, and Rev. A. D. Morton, Secretary. Drs. Carman and Withrow were present. Their visit was greatly enjoyed by the Conference. Dr. Withrow writes us expressing great delight with his visit. He thinks the ministers are an earnest, devoted class of men, who are performing a great amount of self-denying labour. One brother travels 150 miles along the coast, chiefly on foot.

The Conference recommends the formation of a Connexional Fire Insurance Company. Also that transfers of ministers between the Conferences be more easily effected. There is a small decrease in the membership, but a large increase in the connexional funds.

The Conference publishes a monthly organ, of which Rev. W. T. Dunn was appointed editor.

Four young men were ordained to the full work of the ministry. Dr. Carman delivered the ordination charge, for which he received the thanks of the Conference.

There were several public meetings, at most of which the General Superintendent and Dr. Withrow spoke.

Rev. Dr. Cornish, General Conference Statistician, states that the

increase in the membership for the quadrennium just closed stands thus,

Western Confs	24,700
Japan Conf., (3 years)	268
Eastern Confs	1,856
	26,824

The International Missionary Union met in Conference at Clifton Springs. Rev. Dr. Sprague, who attended the Conference, sent a letter to the *Wesleyan* in which he says, "No speaker was more eagerly listened to than our own Dr. E. R. Young."

Wesleyan Methodist.

As these notes are being prepared for the press, our fathers in the parent Conference are meeting in the city of Birmingham. The retiring President, Rev. H. J. Pope, is justly pronounced by the editor of the *Wesleyan* as a great master of facts and figures. He (the President) says, in respect to the solid progress of Methodism,—"It had been said, with some degree of truth, that their fathers built chapels and left them to pay for them. This generation of Wesleyan Methodists had cleared off a debt of $12,500,000 incurred by their forefathers, and in addition had raised $45,000,000 for chapel building. The present debt on all Wesleyan property was only about $4,000,000—just about one year's trust income."

The Southport Holiness Convention, which is held annually and is attended by Dr. E. Jenkins, and many others of all branches in Methodism, is doing much to keep the doctrine alive in the churches. The reports of the proceedings are always inspiring.

Rev. T. Cook visited Kent Town, Australia, and 390 persons entered the inquiry-room, and most of them professed to have found salvation.

During Dr. Stephenson's visit to America a reception was given him at Sherman House, Chicago, when a splendid collection was taken up for the Training School for home and foreign missions. One gentleman gave a plot of ground worth $20,000, and the subscription amounted to $12,000.

The Irish Conference.

The Centenary Church, Dublin, was the place of meeting. Rev. H. J. Pope presided; he was accompanied from England by Revs. Dr. Rigg, F. W. Macdonald and S. Whitehead. Rev. R. C. Johnson was elected Secretary. The increase in the membership is 235, but 2,019 had been received. Three young men were ordained. These distinguished ministers, Revs. Dr. McKee, W. G. Price, W. Graham, and Geo. Allan, retire from the active work. Rev. W. Nicholas, M.A., D.D., was elected Vice-President.

A new central mission is proposed to be established at Londonderry; eight new churches, five new schools and three new manses have been built during the year.

A breakfast-meeting was held at Wesley College, when $15,000 was subscribed to liquidate the debt.

Bishop Andrews and Rev. J. F. Berry, D.D., of the M. E. Church, attended Conference. The Bishop preached in the Centenary Church. They afterwards went to England. Bishop Andrews preached to a crowded congregation in Wesley's Chapel, London.

Methodist New Connexion.

The Conference was held at Longton. Rev. M. Bartram was elected President, and Rev. E. Holyoake, Secretary. Death had robbed the Church of two valuable ministers. No less than fourteen ministers of other denominations applied for admittance into the Conference; all were refused, as there was no room. Six young men were ordained, and eighteen others were continued on probation. The ordination service and the missionary meeting were both seasons of great enjoyment.

Primitive Methodist.

The Conference of this denomination met for the first time in the ancient city of Chester. Rev. John Wenn was elected President, Mr.

Thos. Robinson, Vice-President, and Rev. Alfred Rudd, Secretary. The death-roll contained nineteen names, fifteen of whom were superannuates, and amongst the fifteen were two who were more than eighty years of age ; eight others were added to the list of superannuates. A new mission had been opened on the Acquah River on the west coast of Africa. A training school has been established at the Aliwal North Mission. The Zambesi Mission party, after five years' rambling, has settled among the people of Mashukulumbweland. The outlook is cheering. The increase in the membership is 612.

Rev. C. C. McKechnie, editor of the *Quarterly Review*, tendered his resignation of the position which he has held for more than forty years, but, instead of accepting his resignation, the Conference appointed an assistant.

The report of the Book Room was satisfactory. The sales amounted to $3,608,780, which brought in $160,038, an increase of $7,300 ; profits, $22,000. The Jubilee Fund has not reached $250,000, but it is hoped that the amount will be realized. The Church property is valued at $17,481,735, with debt of $5,000,000.

Mr. W. P. Hartley is a prince among his brethren. He gave to Conference $5,000 for college improvements. Mainly by his generosity the young men remain two years at college. He has also contributed a large sum to enable fifty ministers to attend the summer college of Professor Fairbairn at Oxford.

Two young men were appointed to New Zealand.

A committee was appointed to confer with a similar committee of the Bible Christian Conference, relative to a union of these branches of Methodism. Both these bodies, in certain important cases, allow their ministers to be stationed several years in succession on the same circuit.

The following incident deserves record,—Mr. Kelk, local preacher, who for many years has been connected with the Prince of Wales' estate, has become enfeebled, and the Steward asked his Royal Highness to grant him a pension. The Prince ordered that he should have one of the best cottages on the estate, and $3 per week allowed him for life.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

There are 202 educational institutions, with 43,000 students, and property and endowments valued at $26,583,000 and an annual income of $1,810,171, $70,000 of which comes from the Sunday-schools. The students represent twenty-four nationalities, and seventy-two per cent. are preparing for the ministry or missionary work.

William Deering, of Chicago, manufacturer of agricultural implements, has given $50,000 to found a professorship in the Medical School of the Methodist Northwestern University, of which institution he is one of the trustees.

September will be a busy month for the bishops, as they are appointed to hold forty Conferences. Bishop Ninde is in China, and Bishop Newman in Europe. Bishop Andrews is fraternal delegate to the British Conference.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Bishop Galloway delivered the Commencement oration at the Northwestern University, Evanston, and received the degree of LL.D. His eloquent address was greatly admired.

The Bishop has gone to Japan, China and Korea, on an episcopal tour, and will go round the world before he returns to America.

WALTER BAKER & CO., of Dorchester, Mass., the largest manufacturers of pure, high grade, non-chemically treated Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent, have just carried off the highest honours at the Mid-winter Fair in San Francisco. The printed rules governing the Judges at the Fair, state that "One hundred points entitles the exhibit to a special award, or Diploma of Honour." The scale, however, is placed so high, they, say "that it will be attained only in most exceptional cases." *All of Walter Baker & Co's goods received one hundred points, entitling them to the special award stated in the rules.*